

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Gazette for Authors, Readers, and Publishers.

No. 31.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847.

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C. F. HOFFMAN, EDITOR.

Reviews.

The History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the British Colonies till the assumption of their National Independence. By James Grahame, LL.D. In two vols., second edition, enlarged and amended. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard, 1846:

THE increased attention given to historical studies is one among the many cheering signs of the present day. We have on a former occasion expressed our gratification at this fact, and even at the risk of being tedious, we venture again to utter our deep conviction of the important bearing which historical pursuits have upon the destinies of a people. Wisdom and virtue are the great safeguards of the nation. Wisdom cannot be acquired where the lessons of history are not pondered; virtue finds one of its strongest supporters and most eloquent defenders in the truthful records of the past. History—rightly studied—enlarges the faculties, improves the mind, and elevates the character. It eradicates narrow prejudice, softens the asperities of party and sect, develops the kindly feelings of our nature, and impresses deeply that truth, pregnant with consequences, that we are all brethren of the one great human family. It shows what years of toil have been spent, and what Herculean efforts made in the noble cause of the rights of man; the struggles for freedom, the contests for right, the blood and sweat of the people for political existence, the painfully slow progress of even-handed justice, the long, long night of ignorance, error, and oppression, and the faint and fitful glimmering of the light of day which has at last fully dawned upon the world. History is full of lessons for those who seek after wisdom and desire human happiness. Dark though its pages be, it is never without its moral; uncertain and scant as may be the facts which it preserves, they are always full of impressive warning and instruction. The tyrant's iron rule, or the people's licentious despotism, the patriot's devotion to his country, or the demagogue's devotion to self, the fall of kings and the rise of democracies, or the overthrow of free states and the consolidation of empires, all are big with the lessons of wisdom, all are suggestive of most wholesome warning and encouragement. Human happiness, too, essentially dependent on public as well as private virtue, can hardly be learned without attention to the past no less than the present. The good stand out like beacon lights along the dreary track of time; the noble benefactors of our race, the instructors of the ignorant, the defenders of the oppressed, the accusers of the corrupt, the givers of food and clothing, the founders of schools, the munificent encouragers of the liberal arts, the living examples of purity and excellence, are so many invaluable witnesses of the upward struggles of man, and of the never-dying desire to reach after purer and better things. The strongest incentives to virtue are found in the fact that it has always, in time past, been the preserver and support of both individual and public happiness; and it is no uncertain testimony which history bears when she points us to the many—but yet too few—who have done good and uprightly in their day and generation, and to the multitudes—alas, what countless myriads!—who have revelled in lust, rapine, and cruelty, trampled on the souls and bodies of men, and gone to their graves amid the execrations of millions. Even so it is, and history's chequer-

ed page, though telling a sad story for the most part, is not without its bright spots, its lovely characters, its noble and enchanting scenes, its inspiring details, its testimony to right, its reprobation of wrong. Thus may it always be!

If this be true of history in general, how forcibly does it apply to the history of our country! Here everything is comparatively recent; no ancient fables or mythic lore, no long uncertain catalogue of age and generations past, no dark ages, no contests of rival despots, no merciless oppression of lawless soldiery, no universal denial of human rights, no established nobility and serfdom;—nothing of that description which renders general history so painfully interesting and instructive. Here a new empire has sprung up, like in some respects, but more unlike in others, to all that have preceded it. Here history deals with periods of, as it were, but yesterday: only three hundred and fifty years ago the noble Genoese first opened the way to this western world; within two centuries and a half the first settlement was made on the shores of the United States; and within the memory of our fathers, yet with us, this great republic was brought into existence as one of the nations of the earth. Here history points to the brightest examples of wisdom and virtue; it tells of an origin alike illustrious and surprising, of the development and progress of liberal opinions, of wise men and patriots renowned for fortitude and magnanimity, of eloquent orators, able generals, and accomplished statesmen worthy to compare with the maturer growth of the great men of any age or country: and though demagoguism, political corruption, and moral baseness have here, too, done their part, and though it must not for a moment be pretended that all is pure, noble, and patriotic, and virtuous, and christian-like in our past history or present condition, yet how much have we to be proud of; one Arnold may be pointed out, but he is only one, while the thousand and ten thousand patriot officers and soldiers stand out in colors of living light and glory; excess and riot, political exacerbation and violence, may be instanced, but these are evils more or less incident to every nation, and can by no means lead us to forget how quiet and orderly are our people as a people, how seldom political excitement extends beyond words, how very infrequent are public commotions, and how widely diffused is the sympathy for and the disposition to alleviate the hardships of the Aborigines, in their fateful collision with Civilization, as well as those of the descendants of the African stock, which man-trading England thrust in among us.

But we pass from these general statements to the volumes immediately under consideration, and this with the more pleasure because they are the production of a man of learning, intelligence, honesty, and zeal. Dr. Grahame was a native of Scotland, a country famed for its love of liberty and its detestation of tyranny. For many years his thoughts and studies were turned in the direction of America, and, whether justly or not, his enthusiasm was deeply stirred at the contemplation of the grandeur of those elements of empire which this western world displays. The magnificent scenery in which our country abounds, the mighty rivers, the vast cataracts, the illimitable prairies, and the rugged mountain steepes of America, excited in the bosom of the youthful Scotchman an admiration which he neither cared nor wished to repress; and then the deeds of noble daring, patient fortitude, romantic devotion, and high moral rectitude displayed on this wide field, served but to

deepen the impression already made. As he loved to read, so he continued, and circumstances opening the way, he determined to record for the benefit of his countrymen at home the story of that vigorous offshoot from the parent tree which has here taken root so deeply, and is sending forth its branches so widely. Accordingly he spent the best hours of the best part of his life with this object steadily before him, and, in the words of the opening sentence of his preface, "this historical work is the fruit of more than eleven years of eager research, intense meditation, industrious composition, and solicitous revision. To the author (he continues) the scene of labor which he now concludes has been one of the most agreeable features of his life. And, should the perusal of his work afford to others even a slight share of the entertainment that its production has yielded to himself, he may claim the honor and gratification of a successful contributor to the stock of human happiness and intelligence."

The plan of Dr. Grahame is, on the whole, judicious, as will appear from a brief analysis of the contents of his volumes. The First Book relates the "Plantation and Progress of Virginia, till the British Revolution, in 1688," and fills a hundred and twenty pages of the first volume. The Second Book records the "Foundation and Progress of the New England States, till the year 1698," occupying a hundred and eighty pages. The Third and Fourth Books are taken up with the history of the foundation and progress of Maryland, North and South Carolina, till the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Fifth Book relates the foundation and progress of New York up to the same period, to which, however, we find only sixty-three pages devoted. The remaining hundred pages of the first volume record the early history of New Jersey (Book VI.), and Pennsylvania and Delaware (Book VII.). The second volume contains Book VIII., "Progress of the States of North America till the foundation of Georgia, in 1733;" Book IX., "Plantation and Progress of Georgia till the year 1752;" Book X., "Progress of the States of North America, till the peace of Paris, in 1763;" Book XI., "Progress of the States of North America till their assumption of national Independence;" with two valuable Appendices and Notes.

It will be perceived from this outline that the entire colonial history is embraced in the author's plan in these volumes; and when it is considered that the English edition was in four volumes octavo, and the present in two large octavos of 600 pp. each, the author will not be charged with want of fulness of detail in general, however much exception may be taken to particular portions of this valuable addition to historic literature. As the limits allotted to reviews of books in the Literary World do not admit the same expansion as the more voluminous *Quarterlies*, we shall be obliged to confine our remarks on the work of Dr. Grahame to a few points, more particularly the style, the spirit, and the principal advantages and defects of the present effort.

The style in which the author has written seems to us to be wanting in animation. His sentences are long, frequently involved, and occasionally vaguely and unsatisfactorily expressed. Naturally grave and sober, and possessed with a deep sense of the serious realities of life, and moreover being an enthusiastic admirer of the stern old Scotch Covenanters, and the hardly less stern Puritans of New England, his style has a tinge of their peculiar characteristics, and is consequently

somewhat heavy and uninteresting. It is true that other qualities in Dr. Grahame's character have had a strong counteracting tendency. He was certainly a man of deep and ardent feeling, straightforward honesty, decided love of liberty, and undoubted purity of purpose. He detested oppression, he rejoiced in noble deeds, he honored the upright and virtuous, he spoke in indignant terms of reprobation of the deceitful and hypocritical pretenders to patriotism and virtue. Hence, as there was abundant field for the display of these feelings in the chequered and somewhat romantic early history of our country, he was constantly incited to write not only vigorously and strongly but eloquently, pathetically, and with a vivacity suited to the nature of his subject. There are many fine passages in the course of his volumes, passages marked equally by justness of sentiment, vigor of expression, and nobleness of spirit. There are passages which will compare favorably with anything in Irving, Prescott, or Bancroft, and which show the author to have possessed descriptive powers of no mean order, and a sagacity and clearness of view which mark the philosophic historian when contrasted with the mere compiler and retailer of facts and events. Still, admitting all this, the impression produced on our minds by the Colonial History as a whole is, that if not tedious and unattractive in style, it still lacks the flowing charm of natural and easy narrative.

Of the spirit displayed in these volumes we should have much to say were not our remarks already much extended. On other occasions it has fallen in our way to speak of what *ought* to be the qualities of head and heart of him who ventures to write on historic subjects. Not only an invincible love of truth and an unconquerable determination to follow wherever it leads, but an ability also to rise superior to personal, local, sectarian, or party prejudice, we regard as essentials in a historian, and where they are not possessed there shall we find a one-sided or distorted view of facts, an incompleteness of detail, a coloring of certain portions, an exaggeration of certain others, and, to a greater or less extent, an unfair and ungenerous imputation of motives. It is with the sincerest gratification that we acknowledge Dr. Grahame's manifold excellent qualifications for the task he has chosen; we regret to specify an absence—partial at least—of one which has led him into remarks and statements, and induced him to spread upon his pages matter which we can hardly reconcile with the evident duty of a historian. It is his strong and decided preference for the Puritans, and everything whether remotely or intimately connected with them and their history. He professes himself in love with their principles, both civil and ecclesiastical, though not with their union of these in one body politic: he thinks their errors—for they had errors—more noble and less reprehensible than the virtues of some other men; and, like an honest man, he does not hesitate to avow and act upon his convictions. Now, we beg not to be misunderstood. We are finding no fault with a man because he admires the Puritans at home or abroad; it is not our province, and we pronounce no opinion on the mooted question between them and their opponents; though the Literary World will still, as heretofore, bear its zealous testimony to the vigorous and massive qualities of that earnest race which has perhaps given its mental vertebrae to the great American family. We censure not Dr. Grahame for his peculiar affection for these old worthies; we doubt not

it was as sincerely and honestly entertained, as others equally sincerely and honestly cherish an utter disbelief in the free tendency of their principles, as denounced by Cromwell in his letter to the political divines of Edinburgh.* All that we ask of him or any man is, that he let not his peculiar religious views interfere with the distribution of fair and equal justice to all of all religions. It is hardly candid, we think, to occupy some thirty or forty pages specially devoted to the origin and defence of the Puritans in England, and, relying on such sources as the partisan writers in the Edinburgh Review, to give such an account as is offensive to both Roman Catholic and anti-Puritan Protestant, since it does not permit them to give their statement, or present their defence; while the case of the Quaker, the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, &c., is despatched in the course of a few paragraphs, and those incidentally occurring. We say we regret to call attention to this peculiar bias of Dr. Grahame's mind; we regret it because it is an error which only a man of strong religious feeling could have made; and a sense of duty could only have induced us, respecting his motives as we do, to thus put our readers on their guard against trusting too implicitly to what is said on the much contested—yet unsettled—question between the Puritans and their adversaries. The same sense of duty to those who look for entire impartiality in the decisions and judgments of the Literary World, impels us to express both surprise and concern that the author has allowed so scant a space to the early history of New York, the great seat of colonial power in the provincial days of our country.

Dr. Grahame is not alone in this course.

It has been and is still the practice in all general compilations of American history to give so concise a sketch of New York history as virtually to set aside the important part she has played for two hundred years in the annals of this continent. There are two causes for this, which, when once stated, are easily appreciable. The first is that the well preserved and often reproduced records of Massachusetts and Virginia are so accessible to the indolent or ignorant compiler, that from sheer laziness or incapacity he often makes the peculiar story of these two commonwealths, blended upon his page, figure as the representation of our whole colonial history, all the rest being treated as mere excrescences, or only incidental to the grand theme of "Puritan-and-Cavalier" glorification. The second cause is that the far-famed burlesque upon the annals of New York by one of her own most eminent sons, has thrown such an air of ridicule over the varied and romantic story of her early days, that the leading part she played in war and diplomacy for the continuous period of a hundred years preceding the Revolution, is in most minds shorn of all its dignity by the grotesque associations with which the humorous genius of Irving has invested the theme. The historiographer unconsciously feels that his hand has not the vigor to undo that fatal woof which enshrouds with scorn what it still embalms to memory. Who remembers now, when thrilling at the recollection of the bold debarkation of New England's forefathers upon the coast of Plymouth, in 1621—who remembers, in his admiration of their enterprise, that the still more adventurous forefathers of New York had ten

years previously planted themselves at the head of tide-water at Albany? Who, in following out Bancroft's glowing and ingenious tissue of sophistries, tracing American liberty to the politico-puritanism of New England, remembers that the Revolution which, by placing William III. on the throne, established Whig principles in England, met with an instant reflex in New York by placing a governor called by the people, in the chair of executive authority? Who would dream in reading any history of the country, Grahame and Bancroft included, that this province had flourished for two years under the sway of a governor thus elevated by the popular voice, who finally perished a victim to the enemies of Freedom? Who would for an instant suppose that while Massachusetts cannot show one character so marked in her whole colonial story, the depreciation of his position and services in the cause of human rights and Protestant freedom, survives chiefly in works pretending to authority written by her historians? The insignificant mention and borrowed slurs on the great martyr of New York in Grahame, originate in the colonial prejudice of Hutchinson, and being finally Americanized in the national page of Bancroft, are reproduced by Grahame on their joint authority.*

The truth is, New York history has yet to be written, and we hope, at no distant day, some loyal son of New York will present the public with a complete history of her origin, past progress and condition, from the earliest period up to the time of her assuming the proud rank which she has long been acknowledged to hold. The theme is worthy the pen of her noblest son. We expected better things of Dr. Grahame, more especially as he had access to materials both rare and valuable, and which ought to have impressed him with a sense of the important position occupied by New York in early Colonial history; and it is with feelings akin to mortification that we find him following in the common track of writers on American history. Still it was not unnatural in a foreigner to follow, somewhat implicitly, authorities which are so highly accredited in the country of which he writes.

In conclusion, it remains for us briefly to sum up the advantages afforded to the students of historic literature by this valuable production, and to note the defects other than those alluded to, which appear to us to attach to the production now before us. We count it no small advantage, in the first place, to have a book which can be relied on for facts; a book which has been written with constant reference to authorities, and which, from the known character of the author not less than the circumstances, that the same sources have been explored by rival writers, particularly Mr. Bancroft, is undoubtedly trustworthy. The inferences of Dr. Grahame do not always convey satisfaction to the reader, and it may be doubted whether they are always legitimately drawn from the actual facts. But the intelligent reader and the diligent student of history will always note the clear difference between what is certainly true, and the author's sentiments and opinions respecting the causes, motives, or sequences of events. Dr. Grahame is sometimes diffuse, and, in our judgment, goes beyond what facts warrant, especially

* Grahame, in following Hutchinson (via the Tory Smith) to enforce his views, copies in a note a strange assertion of Bancroft's, which sets forth that Governor Leisler recanted on the scaffold! There is not one shred of documentary evidence for this, according to the declarations of Leisler and the testimony of his times, as preserved among the MSS. of the New York Historical Society. See Sparks's *American Biography*, vol. iii., new series.

* See in Carlyle the Great Presbyterian's most noteworthy prophetic illustration of the tendencies of politico-puritanism in his remark about introducing what is now called *Tetotalism* into politics.

in the description of individual character and conduct; but as he has supplied the student with abundant reference to and quotations from the original writers, there is little danger of going wrong if one will only take the trouble to be sure and go right. This is the main advantage, and in great measure includes the subsidiary ones of fulness of detail, careful collation of authorities, &c. Our limits do not admit of more than a passing allusion to the confidence inspired by Dr. Grahame's firm religious faith, uniform high moral tone, keen sense of right and wrong, &c. The advantages resulting to the reader from these causes are evident of themselves. Of the defects of this work it is not needful to speak at large, when it is considered that he was a foreigner, and, to a certain extent, necessarily unable to write a complete history of this country of ours, which no European thoroughly understands or appreciates, and of which only a native can adequately speak. There will be no surprise at his failure in some respects; there will rather be admiration for the nearness with which he has approximated to that great national work which is yet in the future. The defects of style have been noticed above; they are serious ones to our apprehension, and will, we fear, prevent the wide circulation which the volumes deserve for their intrinsic merit. But, after all, admitting the occasional tediousness and heaviness of narrative, the too great attention given to the originators of New England, and the rather scant measure meted out to most of others, the use of words of a sonorous Latinized character where the plainer and stronger Saxon synonyms would have answered better: admitting these and similar defects, still it must be acknowledged that the *Colonial History* by Dr. Grahame makes a solid as well as most acceptable addition to our stock of historical materials, and that his merits deserve a higher consideration than they seem yet to have met with either at home or abroad. We shall feel happy if the present notice answer this desirable end. The declamatory style of the Italian work of Botta upon our Revolution has not prevented its being cordially welcomed in every American library. Let the disinterested labors of the Scottish writer upon our general history awaken an equally grateful sense, and preserve his name among us in all honor.

Caloric: its Mechanical, Chemical, and Vital Agencies in the Phenomena of Nature. By Samuel L. Metcalfe, M.D., of Transylvania University. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 1100. London: 1843.

ALTHOUGH the term literature, in its general acceptation, includes only belles-lettres, there may be some among the readers of the *Literary World* who may not be startled by having their attention drawn to a subject which belongs strictly to the domains of science and erudition. The work to which it is proposed to draw attention is one of unusual merit in execution, and of uncommon interest in its matter, and is certainly less known than it should be among the literary (strictly so called) and the learned. Without either rejecting or adopting the theories advanced, no one will fail to perceive the book is the production of a master-mind, such as rarely sheds light on the world. The author is an American, a native of Kentucky, it is believed; his labors reflect honor not only on himself, but also on his State and country. He ought to occupy a professor's chair, and in some university in this country.

Caloric and heat are frequently used as con-

vertible terms, but heat may be regarded as the manifestation of caloric, as a cause. In other words, caloric is the cause of heat, of temperature; caloric is known by its effects which are appreciable by our senses, and by instruments contrived to measure them. What is this cause, this prolific parent of effects, which are visible or traceable throughout nature; in all that is animate or inanimate, in the earth or on its surface, and in the starry worlds above and around us? Let a poet speak for us:—

"To every form of being is assigned
An active principle: how'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all nations, in the stars
Of azure heaven, and unending clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone,
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air,
* * * * * from link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the worlds."

WORDSWORTH.

This "active principle," be it what it may, is studied and spoken of by philosophers under the name of caloric; the object of the author, Dr. Metcalfe, is to describe the numerous effects of this wonderful, this active principle, as he understands them, and desires others to understand them.

The work is divided into six books, the first three of which are occupied with considerations on the mechanical and chemical agencies of caloric in the phenomena of nature, and the last three treat of the influences of caloric on life, in plants and animals, embracing the subjects of climate, health, and disease, and many interesting points connected with vital existence, such as the circulation and formation of the blood or sanguification, digestion, nutrition, assimilation, and death.

Our author sets out with the assertion, that caloric does not consist in mere motion or vibration among the particles of ponderable matter, but is itself a material substance. He argues:—

1. "That it may be added to and subtracted from other bodies, and measured with mathematical precision, as all good thermometers demonstrate.
2. "That it augments the volume of bodies, which are again reduced in size by its abstraction."

The wheelwright, by means of caloric, expands the iron tire to receive the wheel, which is closely bound together, as the metal contracts in proportion as it cools.

3. "That it modifies the forms, properties, and conditions of all other bodies in an endless variety of ways."

It changes ice into water and converts water into steam.

4. "That it passes by radiation through the most perfect vacuum that can be formed by means of the air-pumps, in which it produces the same effects on the thermometer as in the atmosphere.
5. "That it exerts mechanical and chemical forces which nothing can restrain, as in volcanoes, the explosion of gunpowder, and other fulminating compounds
6. "That it operates in a sensible manner on the nervous system, producing intense pain and disorganization of the tissues when in excess.

"But if caloric were a mere property or quality, how could it be taken from one body and added to another? Or if it augment the volume of other bodies, must it not itself have volume, occupying space, and therefore be a material agent? Would it not be mere jargon to speak of the radiation, reflexion, convection, and conduction of a mere quality, or immaterial property? And if caloric were only the effect of vibratory motion among the particles of ponderable matter, how could it radiate from hot bodies

without the simultaneous transition of the vibrating particles? But it is certain that when iron, copper, and other metals are heated to any temperature below the point of ignition, like boiling water, they give off caloric freely, without any sensible loss of ponderable matter."

If the vibratory theory were correct, the fingers could not be pained by touching a silver spoon in a cup of hot tea, without particles of silver being communicated to them to keep up that peculiar vibration which constitutes caloric?

Blacksmiths are in the habit of obtaining fire by skilfully hammering a piece of cold iron on an anvil; but they cannot take a piece of iron that has once been heated in this way, and again make it red-hot by hammering. The caloric seems, as it were, to have been all squeezed out and dissipated.

Dr. Metcalfe next attempts to show that caloric "is a self-active principle, capable of moving itself and generating motion in all other bodies." The cardinal facts which connect its agency with the general theory of physics, may be reduced to the following propositions:—

- "1. That the activity or moving powers in all bodies is directly in proportion to the amount of caloric around their particles
- "2. That all molecular motions, whether centrifugal or centripetal, may be resolved into the law by which caloric repels its own particles, and attracts those of ponderable matter, with forces that vary inversely as the squares of the distance.
- "3. That the quantity of motion in the world, whether mechanical, chemical, or vital, is in proportion to the temperature of different latitudes, *ceteris paribus*, and diminishes from the equator to the poles.
- "4. That the centrifugal force by which planets are impelled through their orbits, is directly in proportion to the heating power of the sun; and, like gravitation, is inversely as the squares of the distance.
- "5. That the aggregate vital energy of animals, and the development of their organization, are exactly in proportion to the amount of caloric obtained by respiration and combined with their tissues.
- "6. That every variety of electricity is convertible into caloric, and the latter again into electricity; consequently they are modifications of one and the same principle.
- "7. That the directive power of the compass-needle diminishes from the isothermal equator to the points of the lowest mean temperature, which are the magnetic poles; and that all its variations correspond with the variations of terrestrial temperature.
- "8. That caloric is the active principle in light, whether radiated from the sun, or generated by ordinary combustion, friction, percussion, phosphorescence, or the electric discharge."

Such are the propositions which Dr. Metcalfe endeavors to establish and explain in his work, by facts drawn from various and numerous sources, and so arrayed and set forth as to interest and fascinate even a very general reader. His work is worthy of being widely circulated and carefully studied, because his propositions, if absolutely just, are calculated to produce great influence in the advance of the arts and sciences, and particularly in chemistry and the science of medicine. It is not for us to follow the author through his ingenious work, to analyse his facts and arguments, to approve or reject his theories; but to ask the attention of readers and scholars, the learned and wise, on this side of the Atlantic, to an American book in fact (though published only in England), which seems to us to present rare claims to attention. The author seeks the

truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and possesses that power of mind which often enables him to expose errors in the views of the master-spirits in philosophy; he receives nothing as true simply because asserted by Newton, Bacon, Black, Lavoisier, Dalton, Sir Humphrey Davy, Hare, Faraday, Franklin, Priestley, or Liebig; but, acting on the instruction of the Apostle, examines all things, and holds fast to that which is good, in his estimation. His faults are not many. He unfortunately relies too much on the statements of James Johnson, in his "Tropical Climates," one of the worst and most mischievous books in the range of medical literature. Dr. Metcalfe should avoid the aid of long notes in illustrating his text, which serve to mar the pleasure of reading. Every writer should endeavor to deliver himself so fully in the text as to render notes unnecessary, because they serve to interrupt the reader, and break his chain of thought and reasoning.

Let us hope, if Dr. Metcalfe be in the United States, that he will publish an edition of his work, corrected and amended as far as he may, from reflection and study, think necessary.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts, &c., &c. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. x. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

THE present number of this work closes the life of the unfortunate mother of "the Pretender," as he was politically called by his contemporaries, and brings us down to the times of William and Mary. The author must have had a lively penchant for the gossip and intrigue of the times she delineates, or she would have sickened long ago over the littleness of detail, and the narrowness of minds, made the more revolting by the importance of the positions occupied. But it has been wittily said that "women will talk of what runs in their heads," and our fair author does so with a minuteness of detail, a readiness of gossip, and elaboration of trifling material that is astonishing to a philosophic or graver mind. In this way she produces most amusing and readable volumes, and unfolds the smallness of origin from whence result important springs of action. The petty spleen of some court belle, the wounded vanity of a courtier, or the whim of a luxurious courtesan, have been sufficient to pave the way to revolution and bloodshed; while men upon whose fiat wait the destinies of empires and the welfare of myriads, unbrace the battle sword to trifle with a pretty court minion, and leave the urgencies of the cabinet for the nothings of the drawing-room. Such is man, and misrule, abuse, and imbecility too often mark his advance to power.

Agnes Strickland gives us the material which she seems to have collected with great zeal and labor, in a style careless and often flippant, and generally oblivious as to all powers of analysis. She tells her story, and leaves the reader to draw his own inferences.

The details of the revolution which consigned James the Second to exile, and condemned the beautiful and pious Mary Beatrice to widowhood, penury, and aspersion, are of the most humiliating and belittling kind, characterized as they are with the baseness and ingratitude of the daughters of the unfortunate James. If the British Empire gained through this revolution the establishment of her Protestant faith, it is nevertheless pitiful to trace the unworthy steps which led to the result. Mary and Ann must for ever occupy a most unenviable position in the annals of history, if we regard them as

women alone; and as queens, their subservience and mediocrity, which made them the unconscious tools of others, render them, from the state they occupied, but the more contemptible. Whatever might have been the errors of the Stuart family, which caused them to be dangerous to their people, their errors were such as most naturally spring from long and high trained blood, while those that characterize the daughters of James suggest too strongly the newness and sensuality of the Hyde admixture, which even the virtues of the great Clarendon could not redeem.

The second wife of James, the estimable Mary Beatrice of Modena, seems to have been a model of all that is pious and lovely in womanhood, yet too sensitive and gentle to meet the exigencies of her fortune. A more queenly assumption of her rights, more energy of action and strength of purpose on her part, might have preserved for her son a very different chapter on the pages of history.

Poor Mary Beatrice, her family, with all their amiable and princely ways, were little calculated to compete with the crooked policy of courts, and one is not surprised that these people, who simply appealed for their rights, and had neither the wealth nor the power, nor that overwhelming will which bends everything to its purposes, should be at length dropped from the scale of intrigue, and perish obscurely.

There is something beautifully touching in the manner in which the poor exiled Queen of England, ill and impoverished as she was, yet continued rigidly to exact all the ceremonials of state, lest she should in the least compromise the interests of her beloved son. For the long period of thirty years she never for a moment lost sight of the position she believed her children were destined to occupy, and she dragged up an enfeebled body and heart sickened by "hope deferred," to the task of a Queen.

The negotiations for peace rendered it necessary that the Chevalier should quit France, and the poor mother found herself once more compelled to sustain her regal state, deprived of husband and children.

The following is a sad picture of the straits to which the exiles were reduced, and exhibits in a strong point the womanly timidity of the Queen.

"The object of Père Ronchi's pathetic representations was to induce Mary Beatrice to make a personal appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the unpunctual payment of her pension. No persuasions could prevail on her to do this on her own account, or even that of her son, her pride and delicacy of mind alike revolting from assuming the tone of an importunate beggar. Her ladies, her counsellors, her ecclesiastics, the sisters of Chaillot, all united in urging her to make the effort, telling her, 'that the elector of Bavaria had made no scruple of complaining to his majesty of the inconvenience he had suffered from the procrastination of the officers of the exchequer in disbursing his pension, and that it had been paid regularly ever since.' 'But,' said Mary Beatrice, 'I shall never have the courage to do it.' 'All in St. Germain's will die of hunger in the meantime, if your majesty does not,' was the reply. Greatly agitated, she retired to her closet, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for spiritual succor and strength. She was going that day, August 26th, to Marli, to see Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, before they went to Fontainebleau for the rest of the autumn. Madame de Maintenon had written to the exiled queen from a sick-bed, requesting her to come and see her at Marli, for she was suffering very much from inflammation in the face, had been bled, and dreaded the approaching removal to Fontainebleau, and all

the courtly fatigues that awaited her there. 'The young princesses,' she said, alluding to the brides of Bourbon and Condé, 'were charmed with the anticipation of their visit; but, at her time of life, people felt differently.'

"Mary Beatrice appeared much concerned when she read this letter, for she knew the writer was turned of eighty; she said, 'Madame de Maintenon had been a true friend to her, and she knew not what she should do if she were to lose her;' adding, 'that she had reckoned on her good offices in speaking to the king for her.' The day was intensely hot, and she was herself far from well; and as the hour for her journey approached, she became more and more restless and agitated. However, she composed herself by attending vespers; and after these were over, set off, attended only by Lady Sophia Bulkeley. She arrived at Marli at five o'clock, and found Madame de Maintenon in bed, and very feeble. While they were conversing *lôte-à-lôte*, the king entered the chamber unattended. Mary Beatrice, who had not seen him for several months, was struck with the alteration in his appearance, for he was much broken. Regardless of the ceremonial restraints pertaining to her titular rank as a queen, she obeyed the kindly impulse of her benevolence by hastening to draw a fauteuil for him with her own hand, and, perceiving it was not high enough, she brought another cushion to raise it, saying, at the same time, 'Sire, I know you are incommoded by sitting so low.' Louis, once the soul of gallantry, now a feeble, infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, but still the most scrupulously respectful of all the courtesies due to ladies of every degree, made a thousand apologies for the trouble her majesty had given herself on his account. 'However, madam,' said he, 'you were so brisk in your movements, you took me by surprise: they told me you were dying.' Mary Beatrice smiled, but had not the courage to avail herself of this opportunity of telling her adopted father that her sufferings had been more of the mind than the body, then declaring the cause, and appealing to his compassion. She said afterwards, 'that she talked of subjects the most indifferent in the world, while her heart was ready to burst, not daring to give vent to her feelings.'

"When the king went to take his evening walk, or rather to show himself, as usual, on the promenade, Mary Beatrice told Madame de Maintenon 'that she had a great desire to speak to the king on the subject of her pension, as eight months had passed since she had received any portion of it, and that, in consequence, every one at St. Germain's was dying of hunger—that she came partly to represent this to his majesty, but her courage had failed her, though her heart was pierced with anguish at the sufferings of so many people whom she knew so well.' Madame de Maintenon appeared touched by this discourse, and said 'she would not fail to mention it to the king, who would be much concerned.'

In the meanwhile the standard of rebellion had been raised in Scotland, and the Queen is agitated with the most painful solicitude in behalf of her son. The following will show the state of those parties at this time.

"The letter of the chevalier himself, announcing his arrival, was written to his secretary of state, Lord Bolinbroke, and is dated three weeks earlier; it is very short, and will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader.

"JAMES STUART TO LORD BOLINBROKE.

"Peterhead (Scotland), Dec. 22, 1715.

"I am at last, thank God, in my own ancient kingdom, as the bearer will tell you, with all the particulars of my passage, and his own proposals of future servitude. Send the Queen the news I have got, and give a line to the Regent *en attendant*, that I send you from the army a letter from our friends, to whom I am going tomorrow. I find things in a prosperous way; and I hope will go on well, if friends on your side do their part as I shall have done mine. My

compliments to Magni; tell him the good news. I don't write to him; for I am wearied, and wont delay a moment the bearer. J. R.

"In his letter dated Kinnaird, January 2, 1716, the chevalier sends several messages to the Queen, his mother; he speaks of his own situation cheerfully, though he owns with some humor, that he has nothing to begin the campaign with, 'but himself.'

"All was in confusion," he says, "before my arrival; terms of accommodation pretty openly talked of; the Highlanders returned home, and but 4000 men left at Perth. Had I retarded some days longer, I might have had a message not to come at all. My presence, indeed, has had, and will have, I hope, good effects. The affection of the people is beyond all expression. . . . We are too happy if we can maintain Perth this winter; that is a point of the last importance. We shall not leave it without blows."

"I send to the Queen, my mother, all the letters I mention here, that she may peruse them, and then agree with you the best ways of forwarding them. You will show her this, for mine to her refers to it. There will go by the next messenger a duplicate of all this packet, except my letter to the Queen."

"Mary Beatrice had endured the conflicts of hope and fear, the pangs of disappointment, and the tortures of suspense for upwards of four months, with the patience of a Christian, and the firmness of a heroine; so that, as we have seen by Lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters, every one was astonished at her calmness, when all around her were in a state of excitement and alarm; but directly she received the cheering intelligence that her son had landed in Scotland, where his presence had been vainly demanded for the last thirteen years, the revulsion of feeling overpowered her feeble frame, and she was attacked with a nervous fever, which rendered her incapable of further exertion."

The disasters of the "rising," and the almost obliterated hopes for her son which had hitherto restrained the Queen and mother, failed not to do deadly service upon the worn frame of Mary Beatrice.

"More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort, James II., sixteen years and nearly eight months.

"The queen of England," says the Duc de St. Simon, "died at St. Germain, after ten or twelve days illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 lives allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germain was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words:—"Combined with great sensibility she had much wit, and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it, by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."

"The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans—a princess who, from her relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favorably of her own sex, and certainly could have had no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and

worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives.

"I write you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germain. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life, a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, 'did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of anybody, she would say—'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me; I do not like histories which attack the reputation.'"

Literary Biography.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ABAILARD.

[Concluded.]

"Abailard's studies in philosophy and theology, and his lectures also, were now neglected. Those which he continued to deliver were only recollections of former discourses. His scholars understood what had caused the falling off in his lectures; all Paris knew the story; and finally the canon arose from his dream of the learned logician Abailard, and saw what had happened. Filled with astonishment and grief, Fulbert instantly dismissed Abailard from his house. But the consequences to Heloise soon became apparent, and she wrote to Abailard to inform him that she was likely to become a mother. He determined to remove her immediately from Paris. She left her uncle's house disguised as a nun, and was sent by Abailard to one of his sisters in Brittany. The rage of Fulbert at his own and his niece's disgrace was unbounded. But so far from regretting the state in which she found herself, the love of Heloise made her forget all other considerations, and she rejoiced in her situation. 'Non multo autem post puella se concepisse comperit,' says Abailard, 'et cum summa exultatione mihi super hoc illico scripsit,' &c. She gave birth to a male infant and named it Astrolabius.

"Abailard remained in Paris in order to counteract any designs that the canon might have against him, with whom all the rivals and other enemies of Abailard had immediately sided. To avert the anticipated mischief, Abailard sought to appease the canon by representing that the domestic treachery of which he had been guilty would not appear wonderful to any one who had felt the strength of the passion, and he finally proposed to marry Heloise on condition of its being kept secret. To this, Fulbert and his friends agreed. The consent of Heloise, however, was not so easily gained. So high was her admiration of Abailard and so ardent her wish to see him hold his place in society, and advance in ecclesiastical and other honors, that she carried her devotion to the almost unexampled degree of refusing to be united to him in those religious bonds which she would have felt so honorable to herself, but so great a loss of honor to the object she adored. In those days, the celibacy of ecclesiastics, if not absolutely compulsory, was considered a necessary condition of high dignities; but the restraint chiefly referred to the bonds of marriage and not to the intercourse of the sexes. It is to be remembered that the age was one of great license, which Gregory VII. had recently endeavored to restrain, by enforcing celibacy on the clergy, among other onerous restrictions. Heloise regarded marriage as a sacred bond of union, abstractedly considered (*Etsi uxoris nomen sanctius ac validius videtur*, &c.), but her convictions and feelings were opposed to it in her own case. She used a greater variety of arguments to dissuade Abailard from marrying her, than perhaps any other women in the world ever used to persuade a hesitating admirer. She assured him that danger as well as dishonor to

him would ensue. She said she knew her uncle's temper, and that he would never be really appeased. She declared that it would be a robbery of the holy church and of philosophy, if she married him, and a sacrifice of the public good to her private honor. She quoted the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. vii.), and reminded him of certain opinions of one Theophrastus, quoted by Jerome, and of Cicero, against marriage. Her array of the domestic inconveniences attendant on matrimony, for those who are not rich, and have not many rooms and servants, is very amusing; not to mention the uncongeniality of books with distaffs, inkhorns with cradles, theological and philosophical meditations with the cries of children and the doggerel songs of nurses, and other objectionable matters (*parvulorum sordes*) inseparable from young children. If he was disposed to forego his ecclesiastical position, she exhorted him nevertheless to maintain his dignity as a philosopher, after the manner of the sages of antiquity, and not to show himself less capable of preserving his celibacy than the heathens. She declared that her love for him would always continue the same, if she were his mistress. It is plain from this, that Heloise regarded the hypocrisy of her times as a matter to be respected just as if were the purest truth. Finally Heloise, emulating the philosophy of Aspasia, argued for the higher felicity and for the more certain endurance of passion, when the feelings and actions of the individuals are left entirely free, the sole bond of union being that of the heart; the purity of which she declared to be stronger than the matrimonial bond; and clearly manifested to Abailard that she was most anxious to sacrifice herself to the idea she had herself conceived of what was most honorable. All this, however, was over-ruled by Abailard, who, if he did not fear assassination, at least anticipated the ruin of his present position and future prospects, by the machinations of all his envious rivals who had now 'got him on the hip,' and were secretly associated with Fulbert. If he were killed, or left Paris, or were married, he would be no longer in the way of all who strove for ecclesiastical preferment. The last alternative was that chosen by Abailard, who at the same time hoped to neutralize the effect by keeping it a secret. He accordingly repaired to Brittany, and committing his little boy to the care of his sister, brought Heloise, who wept bitterly as she consented to the marriage, saying, she hoped there might not result from it 'ruin and sorrow, great as had been their love.'

"Abailard and Heloise were married secretly one morning, very early, in presence of Fulbert and several friends of both parties. Abailard immediately separated himself from her, and they seldom met, and then only in secret, in order to conceal the fact of the marriage. But this was not what Fulbert really intended; for while the secrecy was preserved, his own and his niece's disgrace remained as before. He and his friends therefore divulged the marriage, and the news was quickly spread by all the enemies of Abailard. On this Heloise loudly declared that it was false—that she was not married. The canon was exasperated, and loaded her with opprobrious epithets. Abailard now removed his wife to the nunnery of Argenteuil, in which, by his direction, she assumed the religious habit, and became a nun in all respects except taking the veil. Possibly there might have been some latent idea in the mind of Abailard of inducing his wife to take the veil, which would again have left the way clear before him for ecclesiastical honors. He visited her secretly at times, but not from any real and refined affection, as appears from a passage in his own writings (*Nosti post nostri confederationem conjugii cum Argenteoli*, &c.) in which he reminds her of these visits. Notwithstanding these bitter reminiscences, it was when Heloise was abbess of the Paraclete that she made the declaration, that 'she would rather be the mistress of Abailard than wife to the emperor of the whole world.' It is painful

to observe in Abailard the absence of all generous sentiment towards one whose devotion to him was so unbounded that she did not even feel the extent of her self-sacrifice. Howbeit, whether Abailard was guilty or innocent of the design to immure his wife in the convent, Fulbert and his relatives thoroughly believed that such was his intention.

"And now was solved a problem of human character far more widely removed from common apprehension than that which suddenly discovered a deliberate seducer in the person of a learned dialectician. The simplicity of the canon, which had been the source of Abailard's wonder, was suddenly transformed into a subtle capacity for mischief; and habitual dullness exasperated beyond itself, found its reaction in a diabolical energy for revenge.

"One of Abailard's servants being bribed, Fulbert and his party surprised their victim, at night, in his bed, and there accomplished their purpose. 'Crudelissima et pudentissima ultione punierunt, et quam summa admiratione mundus exceptit, eis videlicet corporis mei partibus amputatis, quibus id quod plangebant commiseram.' 'When the morning came,' says Abailard, 'the whole town congregated around my house, so great were their surprise and lamentation.' Learned men and his own scholars, in particular, and many women, all came and made a clamor with their grief. 'I suffered much more,' he says, 'from their compassion, than from the pain of my wound; and the sense of shame afflicted me more than that of grief. I revolved in my mind what fame I had just before been enjoying, with how easy and instantaneous a fall it was now cast down, nay, wholly extinguished—with how just a treachery the man whom I had betrayed had retaliated upon me—how my enemies would extol this manifest equity—what everlasting sorrow the blow which had struck me would entail upon my relatives and friends—how widely my singular disgrace would occupy the world's attention! What path, I thought, would now be open to me?—with what face could I go forth in public?—to be pointed at by every finger, to be lacerated by every tongue.' The revenge was, indeed, of a nature which could only have proceeded from a mind filled with a perception of the most extensive mischief, for the unfortunate Abailard was now, by the scriptural law, rendered incapable of holding any ecclesiastical office. 'In this state of wretchedness,' says Abailard, 'I confess that it was the confusion of shame, rather than religious devotion, that impelled me to seek the covert of the cloister; she having first, at my command, willingly taken the veil and entered the convent. We both at once, then, assumed the consecrated habit; I in the abbey of St. Denis, she in the aforesaid nunnery of Argenteuil.' All her relatives and friends, and many others, compassionate the youth of Heloise, endeavored to dissuade her from thus burying herself from the world; but she, thinking only of her husband, of his commands, and of his peace of mind, wept and sobbed for him, and, hurrying to the altar, took the veil, repeating as she went, the lamentation of Cornelia—

O maxime conjux!
O thalamis indigne meis! hoc juris habebat
In tantum fortuna caput? Cur impla nupsit,
Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe penas
Sed quas sponte luam.—LUCAN, *Pharsal.* viii. 94.

"The dark walls of the convent thus enclosed Heloise; and the jealous feeling of Abailard, that no one else could ever possess her, added perhaps to a final retaliation upon Fulbert, was satisfied. Heloise refers to these events in her letters, written many years afterwards, in the following words:—'I blushed and felt bitter grief at seeing thee have in me so little confidence. At thy first order, God knows, I would have preceded or followed thee into the burning gulphs of the earth. My soul was no longer with me, but with thee.' The outrage upon Abailard was severely punished by the magistrates. The perpetrators fled; but two of them, who were caught, had their eyes put out, and suffered the same kind of mutilation which

they had inflicted upon their victim. One of these was the servant who had betrayed Abailard. Fulbert lost his preferment, and all his property. The punishment of Fulbert (according to M. Guizot) did not satisfy Abailard, who threatened to carry his complaint to Rome.

"The abbey of St. Denis, of which Abailard had now become a monk, was not only lax in discipline, but full of disorder and abomination. The abbot was more vicious than the rest. This licentiousness was disgusting to the intellectual habits and tastes of Abailard, and his reprehension of the proceedings of the brothers soon made him an object of hatred. Many of his former scholars now solicited him to resume his lectures, which it was allowable for him to give gratuitously, and for the instruction of the poor rather than the wealthy students. He accordingly began a course of lectures in one of the cells detached from the monastery. Many scholars quickly flocked to the place, so that there were neither lodgings to accommodate nor provision enough to feed them. He again became an object of admiration, and of renewed envy and hatred. It was now that he composed his treatise of the Divine Unity and Trinity. This work gave the opportunity for which his enemies had so long lain in wait. His old opponents, Alberic and Lotulf, declared the work to be heterodox, and gained over to their views Rodolph, archbishop of Rheims, and Conan, bishop of Præneste, who was the papal legate in Gaul. A council was convoked at Soissons, A. D. 1121, and Abailard was cited to appear with his book. Secure of the logical soundness of his theology, Abailard was delighted at the opportunity of displaying his powers; but, on the first day of his arrival, he was on the point of being stoned by the populace, who cried out he had 'preached and written that there were three Gods!' which his opponents had declared him to have done. Abailard humbly submitted his book to the legate Conan, who handed it over to Rodolph, who, in his turn, handed it to the chief accuser; but none of them ventured upon any dispute. The public trial nevertheless took place. Geoffrey, bishop of Chartres, claimed for Abailard a hearing, and that he should speak in his own defence; but his enemies all cried out against this, declaring that 'not all the world together would be able to withstand his sophisms.' Nobody, however, ventured to make any accusation, or found anything to say, until, at length, one of his enemies muttered that he had discovered it written in Abailard's book, that only one person of the Trinity was Almighty. Hereupon a loud and unseemly discussion took place; and, at last, not knowing how to deal with the question, or with the accused, they determined that Abailard should publicly make an exposition of his faith. He gladly rose to do this, but they refused to hear him, insisting that nothing more was requisite than his reading the Athanasian creed. This Abailard accordingly did, 'sobbing, weeping, and sighing the while,' as he says. He saw that they had caught him. By these words, they said, he had condemned himself; and he was ordered to cast his book into the fire with his own hands. After this he was given over to the custody of the abbot of St. Médard, and led away to his cloister, as to a prison. The outrageous character of the whole proceeding interested so many people in favor of Abailard, that all his enemies endeavored to shift the blame upon somebody else, and the pope's legate exclaimed against the malignity of the French. In a few days Abailard was liberated and sent back to his own monastery of St. Denis.

"The next disaster that befell Abailard originated in the increased animosity of the monks of his monastery. The fraternity were very proud of tracing their order back to Dionysius, the Areopagite, who, they said, was their founder; for, after he had been converted by St. Paul, and made bishop of Athens, he had passed into Gaul, where he suffered martyrdom. It chanced one day that Abailard met with a passage in the writings of the venerable Bede, to the effect that

Dionysius the Areopagite had been bishop of Corinth; therefore, argued Abailard to the monks, he was not the Dionysius of Athens, and therefore not your founder. This discovery Abailard mentioned merely as an amusing pleasantries; but the monks were enraged at it beyond measure. They said that Bede was an abominable liar; that Hilduin, an early abbot of the monastery, had made a journey to Greece to discover the facts, which he had demonstrated in his history of their sainted founder, and that Abailard having admitted that he preferred the authority of Bede, this was an attack upon the honor of their house, and the glory of France. The abbot, therefore, ordered him to be closely watched, and threatened, in full chapter, to denounce him to the king, as an enemy to his throne. To appease the fraternity, Abailard wrote a letter in refutation of the doubt which he had started; but this did not satisfy them.

"Dreading the consequences of the abbot's denunciation, Abailard, with the assistance of several friends, contrived, one night, to make his escape. He fled to Provins, and, being protected by the Count of Champagne, took refuge in the monastery of St. Ayoul. Through the count he applied to the abbot of St. Denis for permission to remain here; but the abbot replied by threatening with excommunication both him and the prior who had received him, unless he instantly returned. It appears that the excitement into which the good abbot of St. Denis was thrown by these circumstances, acting upon a constitution undermined by intemperance, was so great that he died a few days after his reply. Abailard made interest at court, and eventually was permitted to quit St. Denis, provided he lived in solitude.

"Accordingly he repaired to a solitary spot on the small river Ardisson, in the territory of Troyes, where he erected an oratory, of patriarchal simplicity, built with osiers and thatch, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. 'When this became known to my scholars,' says Abailard, 'they began to gather about me from all quarters, leaving towns and castles to inhabit the wild—instead of their spacious houses, constructing themselves poor huts—exchanging their delicate viands for coarse bread and wild herbs—their soft beds for a couch of moss and straw, and for their tables raising mounds of turf.' His scholars now built themselves cabins on the banks of the Ardisson, and lived after the manner of hermits. The oratory soon became too small to admit even a part of their numbers, and the scholars enlarged it with more solid materials of stone and timber. Here Abailard was at length comforted, consoled, and happy. The Divine consolation which he had here received induced him to change the title of the oratory, which he now called the Paraclete, or the Comforter.

"Though buried in solitude, his fame spread far in the world, and the number of scholars who again flocked round him was sufficient to renew the animosity of his old enemies. 'New apostles' were stirred up against him in the persons of Norbert and the celebrated Bernard. The zealous faith and devout life of Bernard had gained him great reputation; he was made an abbot; and he professed to have conversation with angels in his cell. The erudition and dialectic skill of Abailard had attracted thousands of scholars round him; and the miraculous gifts of Bernard gave him equal celebrity. At his preaching wives deserted their husbands, and husbands their wives, and crowds rushed into the convent and buried themselves in the cloister. Bernard and Norbert, with their followers, were now arrayed against the reputation of Abailard. Their detraction excited so much hostility against him, that his life was made wretched, and he meditated flying from Christendom, and taking refuge among the infidels, where, by paying some tribute, he might be allowed to lead a Christian life among the enemies of Christ. At this period, however, the abbot of St. Gildas (of Ruys, in Brittany), died, and the brethren chose Abailard as their superior. He knew that their

part of the country was barbarous, he was unacquainted with their language, and well aware that the monks were a most disorderly, vicious, half-savage fraternity; but his present vexations were so great that any change seemed preferable, and he accordingly became abbot of St. Gildas. Here, at the land's extremity, 'where,' says Abailard, 'the resounding waves of the ocean permitted no further flight, often in my prayers did I repeat that sentence—'From the ends of the earth have I cried to thee, O Lord! in the anguish of my heart.' The troubles, anxieties, and fears which this brutal fraternity occasioned Abailard were beyond description. He felt himself in this dilemma: 'if he insisted upon reforming their evil ways, they would murder him; and if he did not attempt this, he failed in his duty, and incurred damnation.'

"Neglected and apparently forgotten by Abailard, from the time when, at his command, she had buried herself in the convent, Heloise did not sink under the bitterness of grief, but gradually rose in estimation by her conduct and great attainments, till she became prioress of Argenteuil. But the convent falling into the hands of a rapacious abbot, who had produced certain documents to show that it belonged to his abbey, she and all the nuns were obliged to seek another residence. It was now that Abailard recollected his wife. The Paraclete had fallen into decay, being deserted by his followers when Abailard left it; and the neighborhood was too poor to support it. This place of refuge he now offered to Heloise and her nuns; and Heloise became abbess of the Paraclete. Here, also, she gained universal good opinion. The bishops loved her as their daughter, the abbots as their sister, the laymen as their mother, and all parties revered her devotion, her patience, and sweetness of behavior. A few visits were made to the Paraclete, at this time, by Abailard; but some coarse scandal having been propagated by his enemies, he went there no more.

"The life of Abailard was in constant peril among the ferocious monks of St. Gildas. They hated him for his conduct and piety, still more than for his superior intellect and acquirements. He feared violence outside the walls, and the most deadly treachery within. The monks made several attempts to poison him at his meals, and, being baffled by his caution, they even poisoned the sacramental chalice. One of the brethren, on a certain day, happening to eat by mistake something that had been prepared for Abailard, died in convulsions. He excommunicated some of the brethren, and others he bound by oath, but all in vain. The persecuted abbot was at last compelled to take up his abode at one of the dependent cells in the neighborhood, with a few monks. But even here he could never walk abroad without fear of being attacked by robbers, whom the monks had hired to waylay and kill him. He now took exercise on horseback, and was so unfortunate as to have a fall, by which his collar-bone was broken.

"It was during this most troubled and anxious period of his life that Abailard addressed to a friend his '*Historia Calamitatum*,' a narrative of his eventful and unhappy life. By accident it fell into the hands of Heloise. When she buried herself from the world, she had hoped to receive from her husband not only spiritual consolation, but at least to be made the confidante of his troubles. Deeply feeling his coldness and neglect, she addressed to him her memorable first letter—beginning with the solemn and pathetic superscription—'To her lord, her father; to her husband, her brother; from his handmaid, his daughter; from his wife, his sister; to Abailard from Heloise.' The letters of Abailard and Heloise, which are in Latin, are known to readers in general through the medium of various translations and several disgraceful paraphrases. The letters of Heloise are characterized no less by deep and devoted love, than by erudition, masterly expression, and impassioned eloquence; the replies of Abailard are conspicuous for their deliberate and evasive coldness, their precision and learning,

and the grave tone of the habitual instructor. She was excited and alarmed by his account of the constant dangers to which his life was exposed, and his exhortations to her to receive his body for burial in the Paraclete; his coldness was increased by his fears for the state of her soul as an abbess, owing to her inextinguishable passion for him.

"The ferocious attempts of the monks of St. Gildas appear to have eventually ceased, as Abailard lived among them for a long time, prosecuting his theological labors. The animosity against him, however, in the outer world was by no means obliterated among his old rivals, and those who envied his high and extensive reputation. His old adversary Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, whose monastery was within a few leagues of the Paraclete, eventually rekindled all the former fires of ecclesiastical persecution by visiting Heloise, and objecting to an innovation in the form of prayer adopted by the nuns. Abailard being informed of this, wrote a letter of vindication to Bernard, and a rancorous controversy commenced. Bernard, who was considered as great a saint as Abailard was a logician, took the lead against him, and laid before him a list of his offences against orthodox belief. Abailard defended himself, and the zealous abbot became excessively enraged. He wrote letters to Pope Innocent and the Roman prelates, in which he denounced Abailard as a Herod—a Baptist—a heretic—an Arian. Perceiving the storm that was about to burst over him, Abailard resolved to anticipate it by a bold movement. The great religious ceremony of translating the body of a saint was about to be performed in the cathedral of Sens in Champagne, and before this assembly Abailard summoned his accuser to appear. The archbishop of Sens agreed to the proposal, and apprised Bernard of the challenge. The saintly abbot of Clairvaux was at first staggered by the proposal, and refused to accept the challenge, or to appear at the assembly. He said that he was young in disputation, and his adversary was a long-trained, cool, and experienced veteran. Finally, however, he agreed to be present, not as an accuser, but a witness.

"The council of Sens was held in the year 1140. The assembly was one of great splendor. Louis VII. of France, the feudal lords of Nevers and of Champagne, besides others of the nobles, the archbishops of Sens and Rheims, abbots, professors, and learned men of the kingdom, were present. The first day was devoted to the translation of the relics. On the second the assembly prepared to witness the grand theological contest between Abailard and Bernard. The combatants appeared—the one the representative of the philosophy of his age, the other of its most zealous passions. Abailard depended on his logical skill; Bernard on his declamatory powers, which had the reputation of being inspired by heaven. Bernard opened the debate in a tone of assumed meekness and humility, declaring he did not come to accuse Abailard, but only to point out certain passages in his writings which he considered heretical, and which he called upon the present assembly to examine, and Abailard to defend, deny, or retract. The charges were about to be read by one of the officers, when Abailard—who could not fail to perceive what was about to ensue, and who had sufficient reasons to remember his previous treatment at Soissons—suddenly rose and exclaimed, 'I appeal to Rome!' Bernard rose to remonstrate; but Abailard interrupted him with, 'I have appealed to the Roman See!'—and instantly quitted the assembly. The saintly Bernard, thus relieved of all restraint upon his passionate declamation, launched forth his accusations against Abailard, who was tried for heresy, and condemned in his absence. Bernard was forthwith commissioned to inform Pope Innocent II. of all that had occurred, and to request his confirmation of the sentence. The account of the scene, after Abailard had withdrawn, is thus given by Berengarius. (*Oper. Abail.* p. 305.) He says, that, as the discussion

proceeded, many of the abbots and learned fathers refreshed their zeal with wine from time to time, till the fumes ascended to their brains, and they sank in lethargic slumbers. The *Promoter* read the accusations—the auditors snored, some, resting on one elbow, gave sleep to their eyes; some reclined on a soft cushion, and gave slumber to their eyelids; some slept with their bowed heads resting upon their knees. Whenever the *Promoter* raised his voice upon any point of doctrine, saying, '*Damnatis?*' the sleepers, half awaking at the last word, ejaculated in drowsy voices, with their heads still on their knees, '*Damnatus?*' Some of them being confused by this tumult of damnations, and their heads swimming with potations, dropped the first syllable, and said, '*namus?*'

"Abailard waited at Sens to hear the decision of the assembly, and finding they had condemned him, he immediately commenced his journey to Rome. He had not proceeded many days' journey, before he found himself too weak to go on. He was now in his sixty-first year. Accordingly, he repaired to the monastery of Cluni, on the borders of Burgundy, of which the celebrated Peter the Venerable was abbot. Peter received him with the greatest kindness and respect. Here Abailard was visited by several distinguished church dignitaries, who regarded him as a persecuted man, among the rest Rainard, who, together with the worthy Peter of Cluni, entreated him not to proceed to Rome. They assured him that it would be useless, and at length they induced him to agree to repair to the monastery of Clairvaux, and open a reconciliatory conference with Bernard. The reconciliation was apparently effected; Abailard returned to Cluni, and soon afterwards the news of his condemnation as a heretic arrived from Rome. He was sentenced to be confined—all his works burned—and to maintain perpetual silence.

"It was now that the amiable abbot of Cluni stepped forward in defence of Abailard, and procured for him an interval of repose, in which he might meditate on the grave, and prepare for heaven. Peter the Venerable addressed a letter of remonstrance and appeal to Pope Innocent II.; and while the answer to this was pending, Abailard drew up and circulated his profession of faith, in which a firm and uncompromising tone was mingled with a solemn and humble appeal to the whole Christian community. The holy father was pleased to relent, and he informed Peter that the sentence of Abailard was suspended. He was, in fact, considered to have retired from the world; he could no more be regarded as a rival or excite jealousy, and he was permitted to remain in peace during his few remaining years. Abailard spent the last days of his life in abstinence and pious exercises, in continual reading, and in great simplicity and humility of conduct. 'In our religious processions,' says the amiable Peter of Cluni, in a letter of consolation to Heloise, 'when I saw him walking by my side, I was struck with mournful wonder: a man, of so great a fame, thus self-contemned, thus by himself cast down.' His constitution beginning to give way, he was removed by the kind abbot to the priory of St. Marcellus, near Châlons, for change of air. He was at first averse to go to St. Marcellus, lest he should end his days there, his wish being to die in the monastery of Cluni, and in the arms of Peter the Venerable. He was, however, induced to move to St. Marcellus, where he commenced writing a few discourses for the instruction of the brothers, but he was too weak to conclude them with his own hand. He continued to dictate the remainder, though he was sinking daily, and his faint voice had scarcely ceased, when his eyes closed placidly, never again to open upon a world of strife. He died on the 21st of April, 1142, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Peter the Venerable undertook the arduous task of communicating the intelligence to Heloise, which he did with the greatest sensibility and the most studied care and tenderness. She

begged that Abailard's earnest desire, that his remains should finally repose in the Paraclete, might be fulfilled: but the monks of Cluni were proud of having the remains of such a man, and would not consent. Peter the Venerable having, however, resolved that Heloise should not be disappointed, went himself, one dark night in November, to the grave, six months after the burial of Abailard at St. Marcellus, and exhuming the body, placed it in a carriage, and conveyed it to the Paraclete. He did his utmost to sustain and console Heloise during the re-interment, at which he himself performed the funeral service. He also sent her a form of absolution, to be hung upon the tomb, and promised to use all his influence to obtain for her son Astrolabius, a prebend. Heloise passed at the Paraclete the remainder of her life, which, owing to an originally fine constitution, and the temperance of her habits, extended to the length of twenty years more. She died, beloved and revered, and was buried, according to her request, side by side with Abailard, in the same stone coffin.

"The remains of Abailard and Heloise were not disturbed for more than 300 years. In 1497, their bones were removed to the grand church of the abbey, and placed in two separate tombs, owing to a ridiculous scruple, as M. Guizot remarks. They remained thus during two centuries. In 1630, they were placed in the Chapelle de la Trinité. In 1792, they were removed from the monastery of the Paraclete, and placed in the chapel of St. Léger, at Nogent. In 1800, their remains were again removed, and deposited in the garden of the Musée Français. In 1815, they were again exhumed, and placed in a different part of the Musée Français. In 1817, they were again exhumed, and taken to the cemetery of Mont St. Louis; and on the 6th of November, of the same year, they were removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"On the interment of Heloise a miracle was said to have occurred; the corpse of Abailard extended its arms to receive her. This story appears to have generally gained credit at the time throughout France; and the legend has had a permanent influence on the opinions of posterity, who have been accustomed to consider Abailard and Heloise as lovers, whose affection was mutual.

"The erudition of Heloise was very great. She knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as Abailard distinctly states. It does not appear that she was taught any one of the languages by Abailard, or that he himself was acquainted with Greek or Hebrew.

"As an original thinker Abailard does not claim a very high place. He followed the course of Roscelin, who was the first bold investigator of the received dogmas of the age. 'The name of Abailard,' says Guizot, 'is not associated with any great idea; his age being one of movement, not of foundation. But this movement he encouraged and directed.' His great skill was as a dialectician, which he first displayed in advocating the philosophy of the Nominalists, in opposition to that of the Realists. The latter held that genera and species were real existences; the former, that general terms are not the representatives of realities, but are only mental abstractions, and that the only realities are individual entities. Bôethius has expressed in few words the realistic opinion: 'Plato laid it down that there were certain *idea*, that is, *species* incorporeal, and *substances* permanent, and in themselves distinct from other things in their nature, as for instance Man; and that by their participation in these *idea*, other things became men or animals.' The skill of Abailard in dealing with these and similar questions was unrivalled; but his victories, though due to the subtlety, acuteness, precision, order, and promptitude of his intellect, must still share a part of the honor with the philosophical abuses of the age. Words were reckoned as ideas and things. Many of their syllogistic triumphs are solely attributable to what Bentham would call the setting up of fictitious entities. But the extensive influence

of Abailard upon his age, as witnessed not only by the rivalry and jealousy which he excited, but by the circumstance of the thousands of scholars who flocked round him, even when he was driven to lead a hermit's life in solitude, must be attributed to his eloquence as a highly gifted and practised orator. The chief principle that he inculcated may be called the teaching of men to listen to reason; and he did this at a time when there was the least degree of reason among the most learned.

"The character of Abailard may be clearly collected from the account he has given of himself in his '*Historia Calamitatum*.' His ruling passion was the love of making subtle distinctions, and of teaching as one who felt that he had authority; out of which grew an almost equal delight in disputation. His love of disputation was encouraged by constant provocation and almost constant success. It mainly contributed to his unhappiness and ruin, both directly and indirectly; it tended to deaden the moral feelings and affections, and to render cold a heart that was not originally very warm. If his passion for Heloise had been greater than his ambition, he would at once have married her, and escaped the sorrows that he brought upon himself and her. He acknowledges that his love had never been worthy of her. 'But Abailard conceals none of his faults. There is not the least hypocrisy in him, either to others or to himself; and he commands our respect and sympathy, as one who suffered persecution for the free expression of opinion. Independent of all his great acquirements and his eloquence, Abailard was a very accomplished man, and probably composed the music to many of his own songs, which Heloise informs us he sang with so sweet a voice. He was the most popular songwriter of his day, at the very time that he stood first as a theologian, a logician, and public instructor. A story which is told by Accursius and Odofredus, of one Petrus Bailardus, so far from proving him to be a jurist, as some writers have imagined, proves, as Savigny observes, that he neither was nor wished to be a jurist. This Petrus Bailardus is supposed to be Abailard. Abailard was also unacquainted with the mathematics, as he himself informs us in the manuscript of St. Victor.

"The highly impassioned and devoted character of Heloise is sufficiently shown by her letters and the whole course of her life. The contemplation of her position when she first met Abailard, develops a very curious fact as to the estimate and treatment of women in her age. She was celebrated all over the kingdom for her learning and accomplishments, and yet she was placed in the hands of a tutor to whom permission was given to use personal chastisement whenever he thought fit. To Abailard her love and obedience were unbounded. During their whole acquaintance he never thought of her except for himself, as he subsequently told her; she never thought of herself except for him. To him both alive and dead, she devoted herself. Her temperament and her tastes utterly unfitted her for a conventual life; nevertheless she fulfilled her duties as an abbess in an exemplary manner.

"The personal appearance of Abailard is said to have been noble, graceful, and commanding. Of the person of Heloise nothing very definite is known. It may be inferred that they were both of rather tall stature, if credit is to be given to the description of their bones, on the examination which took place on their last exhumation."

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, having sung a requiem over the withdrawal of Government officers and patronage from Edinburgh, and the consequent fading of its university and other indigenous institutions, Professor Wilson has rushed to the newspapers with a statement that the article appears without his sanction, and he adds certain remarks obviously implying that he does not now hold the reins of "Maga."

Foreign Correspondence.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN TEN WEEKS.

Brief daily notes of a business man, on the way to and from Naples, with his wife, in 1847.

NO. V.—FIVE DAYS (of 17) IN ROME.

St. Peter's—The Capitol—Forum—Coliseum and sundry other matters.

March 20—28th day—1st in Rome.—Decent lodgings enough to be sure,—but such a series of ante-rooms, all useless—and such a long, dirty, dismal entrance and stair-case! Called on Mr. —, chiefly to see if *his* were any better—not a bit. Mem. No. 1. dark and dirty stair-cases and entrances peculiar to Rome. Sunday morning, and a charming one it is. To ST. PETER'S! Second glance at the streets of Rome rather more favorable—but yet, no grandeur. Crossed the Corso (rather respectable Broadway), and through more narrow and crooked streets, and reached a pea-soup river on a small scale, a bridge lined with very wild looking statues, and a big circular castle or donjon at the end of the bridge. Questa? Oh, the TIBER, and the bridge and castle of ST. ANGELO. Another narrow and mean street, and we suddenly find ourselves in the grand piazza before the "mightiest of existing temples." The colonnades on each side destroy the effect of vastness—indeed the whole view, with the great front of St. Peter's itself, far from being so overwhelming as one might expect—the architectural details too much in detail,—there is not a harmoniously imposing *whole*—even London St. Paul's, black as it is, impresses one more with the idea of vast size. Heresy, no doubt,—but can't help it. "Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not?" but here, expecting disappointment, my highest estimates were more than realized, even at first glance: and then the second, and third look, the steady gaze, and careful study! how every moment increases one's admiration into astonishment and awe! how every step and every comparison of magnitudes impresses you more and more with the glorious beauty, the colossal dimensions,—the sublimity of every portion and of the marvellous structure! Bah! My pen *will* make paragraphs. It was only intended for names and dates, bald as an index. Everything being colossal, the dimensions of sculptures, arches, &c., very deceptive—why, those *little* cherubs there,—holding the holy water, are six feet high! The very pillars which support the dome, would build dozens of entire churches. Walk up to the grand altar; the eye so distracted by elaborate and beautiful portions and details, that, after all, the *coup d'œil* is not so *very* majestic,—and yet what else is it? One must study it all and ponder upon it; a just estimate not to be thought of the first time. Glanced at St. Peter's (Jupiter's) statue, with its toe-kissing visitors—and at his gorgeous burial place with the 150 gold (?) lamps around it, burning day and night; and at Canova's famous lions, and tomb of the Stuarts, and at a few other of the massive and elaborate monuments; looked up for ten minutes steadily into that glorious dome; and tried to carry away an outline of St. Peter's and first impressions thereof.

P. M. A walk to the CAPITOLINE HILL! along the Corso, passing some stately palaces, and the COLUMN OF ANTONINUS (now capped with a statue of St. Peter). Once for all, this actual contact with the marvels and relics of antiquity often pulls down one's enthusiasm to a low key—and yet, I am surely not disappointed? The Capitoline, not a lofty hill, and yet it really was the seat of the rulers of the world; and these lions at the stair-case are the same that witnessed the fall of Rienzi, and were sprinkled with his blood; and—but I will note names and things and not thoughts. Equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS in the square on the top—antique, and I suppose it must be fine. Three buildings—one in front, the Palace of the Senator—one on the right, that of the Conservatori, and the left is the "MUSEUM OF THE CAPI-

tol." Public day for that,—so, followed the crowd, and soon found myself before the DYING GLADIATOR, and other works of ancient art truly worthy of admiration. Lists of these and 10,000 others duly chronicled in Murray. Studied and pondered two hours and then mounted the capitol tower on the palace of the Senator, and pondered an hour more; with the Forum, the Coliseum, indeed old Rome and new Rome spread out at my feet. An hour well spent; the chief objects now "fixed" and classified in memory—surprised at the nearness of the Coliseum—walked down through the Forum—rapid glance, for first impression—and ruminated back to Via Mercede; found dinner all ready and hot in a large square zinc box heated with furnace, from the trattoria's who thus is to send it daily for 30 cents per head—soup, three or four dishes and dessert! Capital mode, for the said box and furnace preserve us a hot dinner even if St. Peter's and the Capitol keep us an hour too late. And thus (with some pleasant Orvieto, which costs eight cents per flask)—finished first day in Rome.

March 21st, 29th day, 2d in Rome. Monaldini's Reading Room,—the Galignani of Rome. Roman Advertiser, a weekly paper in English, considered a great feature in the annals of "Progress," but appears to me somewhat cramped in its freedom of opinion. Its references to the ceremonies of the church savor of the blind devoteism of the middle ages, and its liberal license does not include permission to discuss any political matters whatever, or to canvass the merits and character of any of the nobility or crowned heads of Europe. But there are good signs of enlightenment, nevertheless. This paper is edited by a son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess. Another walk to the Capitol, the Forum, etc.

March 22d, 30th day, 3d in Rome.—To St. Peter's again and ascended the dome, tickets therefor having been obtained at the Consul's. The broad and easy steps, which can be mounted by a donkey; the vast roof with a workshop upon it, and statues sixteen feet high, looking small from below. The whole interior of the dome, and the moderate looking letters, "Tu es Petrus," &c., around it six feet high, all in Mosaic. Stair-case to the cupola passes between the inner and outer domes: inscriptions on it commemorating "royal and noble" visits; passed on the stairs our Austrian friend of the steamer, Prince Swartzenburg, and also the Swedish baron; reached the very ball, in which twelve persons may be seated; wondered how many Yankees it would take to raise that dome in the air as did the great Michael: considered other matters, tedious to mention, and came down. C. very little fatigued, and stands St. Peter's like Vesuvius, wonderfully well, considering.

P. M.—Promenades for general views. Fiacre "per ora:" the rogue, as usual to strangers, asks five pauls, but takes three. Drive to PALAZZO BARBERINI, a large and splendid, but rather dreary and deserted looking building—collection of paintings stowed away in mean rooms in a corner of it—the two remarkable ones being RAPHAEL'S FORNARINA, and GUIDO'S BEATRICE CENCI—the Beatrice, for there are copies everywhere. [Mem.—Must read up about this same Beatrice—there's a tragic tale of her.] Looked at her sweet pathetic face so intently that the toes of Mr. B. of New York nearly suffered for it—pleasant to meet familiar faces on classic ground, if there's not too many of them. Seventy palaces in Rome, and we have seen one; it is certainly most liberal thus to throw these galleries open to visitors—but there is an embarrassment of riches, sure enough. If busy, rapid visitors like us can see and appreciate the *gems* in all this wealth and profusion of art, we shall do better than confusing our brains with an attempt to grasp the whole. This Barberini palace, by the way, seems to be in the regions of modern art,—for here, close by, are some dozens of studios,—our friend CRAWFORD'S among the rest. To them anon. Now drive to SANTA MARIA DEGL' ANGEOLI;

humble looking front; surely this is not one of the finest churches in Rome? It is, indeed, in the interior; noble proportions, vast size, splendid marble floor, grand and spacious arches—all this but a renovation of an apartment in an ancient bathing house! the BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN—and the ruins of the remainder yet stand outside, marvellous in extent. Next, to SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE—one of the basilicas, or churches founded on ancient temples; large and imposing; the interior of peculiar character, notable for numerous columns, too low and too uniform to strike one harmoniously; curious and interesting things, there, however; particulars in Murray. CHIESA DELLA VITTORIA, and one or two more near by; all loaded with ornament, gilding, rich marbles, etc.; being Lent, the paintings covered up, which is rather objectionable. Next, to the QUIRINALE PALACE, the present residence of the Pope; of immense dimensions, with extensive gardens, situated on the Quirinale, one of the Seven hills; famous colossal horses at the fountain of the Piazza in front of the palace, look to me rather out of proportion, but being done by artists of no less fame than Phidias and Praxiteles, they must be glorious works. Walked into the court-yard of the palace through the Swiss guard, who wear slashed doublets and loose trousers, of as many colors as Joseph's coat; they admitted everybody decently costumed, but spared off the ragamuffins; found the POPE was coming out for a drive; he kept us waiting very inconsiderately, but at length appeared in an open barouche, with two or three ecclesiastics (not cardinals), and a small guard on horseback. Fine looking man of fifty; good features, manly, plump, but not gross; and mild, but intelligent expression, emphatically prepossessing. Some hundred people had collected, and as he passed they cheered him lustily.

March 23d, 31st day, 4th in Rome.—SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO, a small, but richly decorated church at the Parte del Popolo; many curious monuments there. Ride along the TIBER, cross the bridge of St. Angelo, and again in St. Peter's with more admiring eyes than before—the effect of the grand portico, looking from the equestrian statue of Constantine to that of Charlemagne, very imposing. Another journey round the interior, and looked at dozens of monuments, each one elaborate, massive, and costly—if not tasteful—enough to make an entire exhibition in New York. Now for the VATICAN! it is not a public day, but our friend, Mrs. G., in the gallery shows us a little of the navigation in those vast seas of art, after the disbursement of a coin or two (which is not required on a public day). First we ascend an enormous number of "back stairs" to the picture rooms—these are small, for there are but fifty pictures in the Vatican, which critics tell us are *all* gems—and yet I walked by even the famous Transfiguration, without being awe-struck; second look, and third, and thirtieth, showed me that it is something like St. Peter's in one respect—it requires long and careful study. I am too wilful in my ignorance of the rules of "high art," to bow to all the dicta of the knowing ones—and for one, I think a work of great genius should show itself at once to be so.

Yet it is a test of a work of genius, that it will bear study, and astonish and delight one the more it is gazed at. Passed on, with this sage reflection, through hall after hall, trying to grasp the outline of this vast collection, and fix upon a few of the ten thousand works of art to be studied and revisited. Raphael's Madonna di Foligno, with its lovely cherub; Domenichino's St. Jerome, and one or two others of the fifty pictures; the frescoes of Raphael; the Laocoon; the Perseus of Canova; the little antique head of Augustus when a boy; the Demosthenes; the group of Father Nile; the Minerva; the Meleager; and above all, the glorious APOLLO! Familiar as it is to us in plaster copies, this, of all other works of art I have seen, is *the* one which can only disappoint one agreeably—delightfully—

"The sun in human limbs arrayed,—
In his eye,
And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity."

It needs no poet or canting connoisseur to help even a novice's enjoyment in that famous "Tribune." Rambled on—and on, and on, in the midst of other wonders of ancient art, in stately halls, one of which is 1,000 feet long—(and "there are 4,000 rooms in the Vatican") noting a few landmarks; looked into the Library, where are some miles of book-cases prettily painted; but no books to be seen—(indeed there are only 30,000, I am told;—the famous Vatican library, though rich in MSS., is far surpassed in printed books by some of the convent libraries in Rome); and noted that it was on the whole rather desirable to revisit the Vatican!

Called on my banker Torlonia—Prince Torlonia, for he was rich enough to buy the title. His town palace is one of the most superb modern ones in Rome, covering two quadrangles on the Corso, and frescoed and statued in profusion; rather grand to have one's banker a prince in a palace! His princeliness not always visible, but the very polite major-domo entered madame's name on a very long list for tickets for the Holy Week, and gave us one for the prince's villa—for he is very hospitable in this way, to his customers, and gets them tickets for everything. One should always have Torlonia for banker in Rome. Lunched, and drove to the BORGHESI VILLA—superb grounds, well wooded and variegated, and beautifully laid out, three miles in circumference, just outside the walls, and close to the Porta del Popolo; a palace in the centre; several smaller "casinos;" a grand amphitheatre; ancient statues, ruins, &c.: the whole Villa (for the grounds are so called here) the private property of Prince Borghese, and yet liberally thrown open to the public without restriction, and at all hours! One can hardly understand such an excess of courtesy; it was shamefully abused only a day or two since: a valuable painting was stolen by a visitor from the gallery; for which reason the gallery has been temporarily closed. Drove through the grounds, meeting scores of equipages and pedestrians; then up the terraced PINCIAN HILL (near by), from the Piazza del Popolo; fine view, and circular drive on the top; quite as gay a scene as Hyde Park in May.—All Rome spread out before you, and the "glorious dome" conspicuous a mile distant. Next, to Crawford's studio, in Piazza Barberini, and saw his "Daughter of Herodias," just modelled, but promising great and striking beauty; a splendidly finished bust of Mrs. Crawford, of which he may be as proud as he justly is of the original; a Peruvian girl, a fine conception, nearly finished, in marble; and several other smaller works already ordered or purchased. Crawford is to be yet more distinguished than he has been. Came down the "Trinita dei Monte" steps where some of the living models for artists were still lazily strewed along half asleep. Looked into Monaldini's, and saw lots of John Bulls reading the Times. Dined and took coffee with my artist-friend at the noted artistical Café Greco, and wondered that artists should be so desperately fond of a small close room, dimly dingy with pipe and cigar smoke, and where the coffee-pots are too small for baby's playthings.

March 24th, 32d day, 5th in Rome.—A grand annual ceremony to come off in church of Santa MARIA sopra MINERVA—(odd conjunction of names): the Pope (in person) is to give dowries to a certain number of marriageable young girls. All the world going, so our fiacre costs 50 per cent more than yesterday; great crowd, pomp, and ceremony: odd effect of some hundred soldiers in a church to preserve order—Swiss guards and Roman guards, of all grades and colors. The Pope and train arrive amidst great cheering: his first appearance as Pope in the great public ceremonies: comes into

church carried in a great chair on the shoulders of six men, with two immense fans—(fans of state) carried on either side, followed by the train of cardinals in ermine scarlet robes, (scarcely one face among them but was either haughty, bigoted, or stupid) and other ecclesiastics of various dignities, and grades, and colors. His Holiness wafts a blessing with his hand over the crowd, and looks very meek and humble, in spite of the pomp; procession moves forward into the choir, the soldiers dropping on one knee, and touching their caps, but not taking them off; high mass and the other ceremonies, which could not be seen through the crowd; and the procession comes out again as it entered. Splendid display of cardinals' carriages; about fifty of them gorgeously gilded, and finely painted on the panels, outshining even the richest equipages of England on a drawing-room day. Large turn-out of troops for escort; the windows of the neighboring houses gaily decorated with red drapery, and crowded with people; the streets thronged; and when the Pope again appears, the cheering was as general and hearty as I ever heard—evidently not the mere effect of custom and of the pageant, but genuine enthusiasm and good feeling for the man himself. The remarks of English men and women in the crowd, those who would be classed with the Tuggas at Ramsgate, were sufficiently amusing and edifying. By the way, Pio Nono really seems to be in earnest in meriting this enthusiastic confidence in the Romans. It may be fancy, but the more one studies his face the better is he convinced that it indicates both intelligence, good sense, and benevolence. His election was an accident, so Mr. — told me, and he is well informed. In the manœuvres of the Sacred College there are usually several ballots by way of *feelers*, before they begin in earnest, and some of the negative and younger cardinals who are considered least likely to be chosen, are first voted for. This one happened to be the man first hit upon by the two extreme factions; yet so little was his election contemplated that he of all others was appointed to count the votes! The first six had his own name! and so probable did this unusual circumstance render his election, that he actually fainted with surprise. The very first ballot made him Pope against the wishes of those who voted for him! The wily cardinals overreached themselves, and, in so doing, probably saved Rome from a revolution; at least if one may judge from the vexation of the Italian patriots in England at the liberal doings of Pius IX.

Walked to the PANTHEON, the "most perfect ancient building remaining in Rome;"—the Corn-market in Paris had given me a notion of its interior, being the same size; Portico grand, but not so wonderful and overpowering to me as the critics make it out;—Interior, now a church (!)—plain and humble Altars, &c., being all that change the original simplicity of the rotunda; lighted as of old by an unglazed aperture at the top, about 10 feet in diameter, so that wind and rain have free admission, and the place looks rusty and cheerless; should not be so, for under the simple tomb there are the remains of "the divine Raphael!" The bronzes and busts and nearly every ornament of the edifice have been removed, and it now looks majestically desolate. It is curious enough that this "pride of Rome"—

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,
Shrine of all Saints, and temple of all Gods
From Jove to Jesus!"—

was built, so they say, for a hot-water bath!

Returned to lunch; then took another walk towards the classic region of the Capitoline; a boy, seized with zeal for antiquarian research, or, for acquiring some bajocchi, suggests a peep at the Tarpeo! Of course,—just what we were looking for—and presently a dozen ragged boys and girls make a sudden advent from the dirty crevices behind the Conservatori, each trying to be foremost in finding the custodé—the Custodé of the TARPEIAN ROCK; for the only placeto get a peep

at it is in a bit of a private garden on the Tiber slope of the Capitoline. The rock not very formidable now, for the soil has changed—from 10 to 20 feet has accumulated in the Forum and its neighborhood—and even the Tiber which once flowed under the Tarpeian, is now 40 rods off. Yet one might have a bad tumble from it even now,—and tumbling into those filthy lanes down below, would be rather worse than into the river. There, then, was

"The steep Tarpeian,—
The promontory whence the Traitor's leap
Cured all ambition."—

Next we went down the steep slope of the Campidoglio into that "field below,"

"the FORUM,
* * where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes,—burns with Cicero!"

And looked at the columns and ruins—so familiar through a thousand representations—of the Temple of Concord, the temples of Jupiter Tonans and Jupiter Stator, the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Column of Phocas; the temple of Peace, or Basilica of Constantine—(which it is the doctors disagree about); the temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the Arch of Titus, on which we saw the sculptured pictures of the spoils brought home by Titus for the temple of Solomon!—the only authentic memorials of those sacred articles); the crumbling basement of the Palace of the Cæsars, spread over the whole extent of the Palatine Hill, where the original city of Romulus first started into existence; the little church of S. Cosimo on the spot where, tradition says, Romulus and Remus were suckled by the wolf; the Arch of Constantine, the temple of Venus and Rome—and, last not least, the COLISEUM! All these stand around almost within a stone's throw of each other,—the crumbling memorials of the greatness of old Rome! How we might moralize and poetize on such materials. But the names are enough—description and reflection superfluous—or rather, the subject needs a better pen.

It is a cold-blooded individual who does not become a little excited in such a ramble—from the Capitol to the Coliseum!—even in spite of the barnyard-looking collection of carts and oxen strewn along the Campo Vaccino, as they now call it, and the unimposing appearance of those remnants of temples and palaces with such high-sounding names. As to the Coliseum—if that is less than one expects, it must be him who was disappointed with Niagara—for this is the Niagara of masonry. An hour's ramble through the arches and on the upper walls, to set up the type as one may say,—but must come again, to stereotype the gigantic mass in memory. Then rode on, passing the Baths of Titus, to St. JOHN LATERAN—the "first church of the Christian world," taking precedence even of St. Peter's, the original church having been built by Constantine—(vide the guide-books): a spacious and splendid structure, in its present style: must be re-visited—but now, it grows late;—turned homewards; stopped again at the foot of the Capitoline, looked into a small chapel where visitors seemed to linger; priest with a lantern escorting a party down into the crypt; followed them, and soon found ourselves in a subterranean prison, of extra sacredness, being the identical cell where St. Peter was confined when in Rome; here was the spot where he was chained—and there is still the same spring which miraculously appeared for him to baptize the repenting fellow-prisoners! The priest evidently expected becoming reverence from us and a suitable fee; the former, at least, is due, for the cell may certainly have been St. Peter's. So we convinced him of our faith and went home to dinner, with a good deal to think about; and found by our books that these were the Mamertine Prisons, and the same cells were also the prisons of Jugurtha and the Catiline conspirators.

By the way, the vast throng of visitors to the imperial city will disperse like rockets after the Holy Week—so we thriftily bargained beforehand for vetturino seats for Florence, in which

bargain was a useful lesson if one had been needed. First demand \$20 each,—meals, &c., included, five days' journey: that pronounced "fair," by an old (English) resident; was about signing the bargain when the host told me of another who asked but \$15; this must be the right price, so engaged and signed: afterwards told by Mr. — that their party paid but \$10; and Mr. C. says the usual price in summer is \$8! What a petty spirit of bargaining one has to learn in such a state of things! Never mind, we are to start the morning after the display at St. Angelo's, and hundreds would then like to have our places.

TO THE MOKIWAN.

A Fountain near Piermont.

[About a mile from the terminus of the Erie railroad, on the Hudson, is an old stone cottage of simple construction, and attractive from the beauty of the scenery which it commands. The Tappan Zee lies full in front, with the opposite banks of the river showing fine farms and country seats, while to the right is the only gorge or break in the whole length of the Palisades, which has been made available for the purpose of the Erie railroad. To the left, under the shadow of a bold headland, is the lovely village of Nyack, and every one will tell you that behind the mountains sleep the crystal waters of Rockland Lake, a fact which leaves broad scope for the imagination. You see the vapors rising from amid the hills, and you are sure they come from Rockland Lake—there is a "silver lining to a cloud," and the faith is strong within you that Rockland Lake is bathed in moonlight—a rainbow spans the mountain crest, and you see the clear drops of a summer shower dimpling the placid Lake of Rockland. Aye! nothing is so beautiful as to be told of water sleeping hidden in a region of hills—the fancy is all astray with images of grace and repose; it is the blessed Siloa of thought troubled only with the touch of angels.]

Just as you reach the old stone cottage, of which we were speaking, the road turns abruptly from the river, leaving the house to the right, and at the left may be seen a clump of locust trees intermixed with the lordlier denizens of the wood, which have a primeval origin. Under these trees is a most picturesque fountain of fair water, oozing out to the light and stealing over a pebbly channel away into a pleasant valley. The spring is not large, but a Greek fancy would see therein a beautiful Naiad; and even we, with our more sober imagination, detected the lapse of silver feet amid the bright verdure below, and an Undine titter at our baffled curiosity. The following lines were suggested by a visit to the fountain, which is not without its heretofore pleasant associations—the house having been at one time occupied by a distinguished member of the New York bar, who assembled the finest spirits of the country about him; and Piermont has those within herself, capable of appreciating her many advantages of picturesque beauty and prospective wealth.]

On loveliest Fountain; I have come to thee
As comes the weary Pilgrim to a shrine
Which he hath sought with toil and bended knee
To lay his heart-grief down, as I do mine,
All "trivial fond records" to cast aside—
A stern La Trappe, of earth-born hope denied.

Yes, blessed fountain! I have leaned my brow
Against the worn trunk where thy waters rise,
And all unselfish, heart-expanded now
I commune thus with thee and with the skies.
Sweet antique visions come,—the Indian maid
Bends o'er the well her dusky locks to braid.—

The Hunter stays him from the eager chase,
To dip his fingers in thy cooling tide—
The care-worn matron seeks the quiet place
To train her giddy scion to the pride
Of coming days, when both shall move in state—
A chieftain He—She mid the wise and great.*

They come with war dance, and the festal throng.
The midnight spell! is tried, the love-test given—
The wounded warrior sings his wild death-song,
And sinks undoubting to the warrior's heaven—
While trembling on his gashed and bleeding brow
The flickering sun-rays play as even now.

And thou, oh Fountain! thou hast been to each
A boon, a benison, with thy sweet pool—
How have the glad and weary longed to reach
Thy shadowy glade and waters gushing cool—
And laid themselves to dream—perchance to die,
While thou did'st lapse in genial silence by.

The Indian vision flits—in dreamland fades,
And now a lonely figure, thee above,

* The women of the Five Nations were admitted to the council fire, if, by their wisdom and discretion, they had raised a son worthy to become a chief; a position which could be secured, not by descent, but by election.

Arrests the "Spreading Dew"—fairest of maids,
 Romantic child beheld; and Nulka's love
 Grew into life beneath this moss-grown tree,
 While here the poet sat beguiled by thee.
 Sweet Fountain! coy Egeria of the wild,
 Didst thou reveal to him thy secret name?
 Didst thou lift up thy locks, and on the child,
 Woe-wearied and saddened in his inmost frame
 By pressure of the song-god's heaving spell,
 Didst thou not smile upon him passing well?

Ah! thus thy moist cool fingers thou didst lay
 Upon his brow, and look within his eyes,
 Bright woodland Nymph, as other never may
 Hope for a gleam from thee—the sweet surprise
 Of rose-tinged brow and azure lid, and veil
 Floating and fading into emerald pale.

Pure loveliest Naiad; lips of mine have pressed
 Thy cheek—I felt thy breath upon my brow,
 And something breathing from thee hushed to rest
 Those inward sorrows which no lips avow—
 Of burden lightened, with a song instead,
 I wend me forth once more with lighter tread.

Eos.

Extracts from New Books.

THE MERCHANT NOBLE.

[From Miss Costello's life of "Jacques Cœur, the French Argonaut," just published in London.]

"JACQUES CŒUR was one of the most remarkable merchant-nobles of the middle ages, or indeed of any time, if reliance can be placed upon the somewhat hazy accounts of him that are recorded. His birth, parentage, and early life, are unknown. Some accounts say his father was a goldsmith, others a fur-merchant, of Bourges; where Jacques, it is supposed, was born, at the latter end of the fourteenth century. It is alleged that the future royal banker or minister of finance was a mercer in a small way at the beginning of his career, and that he became rich by learning the art of transmuting metals; 'but that's a fable.' During Charles the Seventh's distress whilst 'king off Bourges' (1422-29), Jacques Cœur was so far distinguished for wealth and liberality that he supplied the king with meals and money; though his dinner was not always of the most regal kind—a present of 'two fowls and a loin of mutton' being recorded as a supply. During this period, Jacques Cœur was appointed Master of the Mint at Bourges, and in more prosperous times at Paris; he also obtained some grants of mines. In 1433 he is mentioned by a pilgrim traveller, Bertrand de la Brocquière, as being in Damascus; and his public greatness had not then reached its zenith, because the traveller speaks of him as one 'who has since acted a great part in France, and was argentier to the king.' How or by what means he founded his mercantile business and acquired his immense wealth, seems unknown; but he was ennobled in 1440; and during the next decade acted as an envoy on several occasions, became a sort of President of the States of Languedoc, and advanced Charles two hundred thousand crowns when he undertook the expulsion of the English from Normandy, which was virtually accomplished in 1449. But when, on Charles the Seventh's triumphant entrance into Rouen, the argentier rode side by side with Du Bois, wearing the same dress and caparisons, he had touched the highest point of all his greatness; and henceforth his decline began. How much of his misfortunes is chargeable upon the envy of courts and the ingratitude of royalty—how much upon noble debtors, eager to discharge their debts by destroying their creditor, or a needy government itching for confiscation—and how much upon the real demerits of Jacques—it is difficult to say. His wealth, as reported, was most enormous; independently of his loans or gifts to the Crown and to private persons, and of his floating capital in trade, 'no less than forty estates called him master, that of St. Fargeau alone containing more than twenty-two parishes.' His expenditure was on the largest and

most princely scale; and his family were highly advanced in church and state. That all this could have been acquired by the legitimate profits of his business and his offices, seems improbable. He was doubtless ready to take advantage of the distresses consequent upon the English wars, and purchase property on good terms; which, though legal enough, could not be agreeable to its late owners; his ambition, and his ruffling it as an equal with great lords, was equally distasteful to the nobility; he is said to have had enemies amongst the mercantile body, especially the merchants of Italy, whose trade he had in a measure directed to France; and his great success alone would breed envy and odium. For some little time he was able to resist the arts of his enemies; but in 1451 the King gave way; Jacques Cœur was arrested, and his property seized. Of a variety of offences with which he was charged, the following are the most specific.

"The said Jacques Cœur was found charged, that, since the year 1429, he, being companion de la ferme of our finance at Bourges, caused to be coined crowns at a low price, such as crowns at seventy-six, eighty, and eighty-nine crowns the mark, and fourteen and fifteen carats, when he ought to have coined crowns of seventy to the mark, and eighteen carats, according to our royal ordinances; and by this means that he made a profit of from twenty to thirty crowns in the mark, when there should only have been two; thus defrauding and robbing us and the public treasure of our kingdom, and by so doing committing the crime of forgery.

"Again, that he was guilty of a similar offence in the year 1430.

"Again, he is accused of having caused a great quantity of armor to be transported to the said Saracens and misbelievers, in order that his people and his galleys should be well treated, and be allowed to go free without paying the duties for their trade in the spices of Alexandria which the Soltan exacts. And, worse than all, to have bribed the said Soltan by presenting him with harness in our name, although he had neither charge nor commission from us to do so; and the common report is, that the Saracens, in consequence of being provided with the said quantity of armor, gained a battle over the Christians; by which means blame has been thrown on us for having suffered such an act, those persons who blame us considering that we were cognisant of that of which we were ignorant.

"Also, Jacques Cœur is accused of having sent great quantities of copper to the Saracens; and to have caused ingots of the same to be made in our kingdom, and to have adulterated our money, and caused to be made current base coin, after having sold to the Saracens and miscreants large quantities of white money so adulterated, without license from us; thus enriching our enemies and impoverishing us.

"And, to secure the end he had in view, Jacques Cœur, by his authority having power in his hands, caused a false seal with a fleur-de-lis to be made and used by his people, factors, and servants, falsifying and counterfeiting our mark; from whence great dishonor has fallen on our subjects; for the Saracens who had bought the said money, supposing it to be according to law, and afterwards finding it light, have commonly, and in the presence of many foreign merchants, accused the French of being cheats.

"Also, that, against our laws and ordinances, the said Jacques Cœur transported great quantities of money, as well gold as silver, to Avignon and elsewhere out of the kingdom, when, as having been our Master of the Mint, he could not but be acquainted with our laws on this subject.

"The said Jacques Cœur is also charged with the following: in 1446, his galley called Saint Denis being at Alexandria, and having for its captain Michelet Teinturier, a young child of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a Christian, being in the land of Prester John, detained captive

by a Saracen, did on board the said galley throw himself on his knees before the said captain, crying, 'Pater noster! Ave Maria!' and proclaiming that he wished to be a good Christian, and that for that cause he had fled from the house of his master the Saracen; and that the said Michelet caused him to be brought in the galley as far as our town of Montpellier; where the said child remained for more than two months with certain of the townspeople and merchants, and also with Master Pierre du Moulin, then Archbishop of Toulouse, serving him as his groom; during which time the said child acted as a Christian, going to church, hearing mass like others, and allowed his liberty, without any impediment such as slaves are accustomed to. Nevertheless, the said Jacques Cœur, coming to Montpellier, summoned the said Teinturier before him, and received him very ill, saying many injurious things to him, and reprimanding him severely for having brought the said slave from Alexandria and robbed his master of him, in consequence of which his galleys might in future suffer; and that Teinturier excused himself, and related to the said Jacques Cœur how the case stood, showing that there was little danger to his vessels, for that the Saracen would rather have fifty ducats than the said child: nevertheless, Jacques Cœur paid no attention to these representations, but insisted that the child should be restored to his master; declaring that if any harm came to any of his vessels through this act he would ruin the said Michelet and his father also. And he sent for Isaac Teinturier the father, and repeated the same threat to him, swearing to destroy him, body and goods, if he did not immediately repair what had been done. Upon which the said child was seized upon by the orders of Jacques Cœur, and for more than two months imprisoned in the prisons of the bailly of our own town of Montpellier, until the galleys of Jacques Cœur were ready to transport him back to the country of the Saracens; where he was delivered to his master, and has since renounced the Christian religion. The said Jacques Cœur having thus committed great and enormous crimes, those of lese majesty, public force, private imprisonment, transportation without privilege, and others.

"Also, for turning to his own profit certain farms and fairs in Languedoc, instead of rendering an account to us for the profits of the same; at the same time deceiving those who were companions with him in the said lands, and obtaining money for them, as if for our profit and advantage, to the amount of nine thousand five hundred and fifty livres.

"Also, without our knowledge, having taxed our said subjects of Languedoc, and committed great exactions by means sometimes of bribes and sometimes by gifts, so that our people and country were reduced to destitution.

"Also, that having thus deceived us and obtained large quantities of our revenues, the said Jacques Cœur has affected to supply us with loans of his own money, in truth drawn from our own funds; and that we have been forced to enter into engagements to pay said loans by new burdens on our revenues, &c.

"The exporting of money was only the violation of a rule impossible for merchants to comply with; the Sultan's suit of armor, there is no doubt, was sent with the sanction of the King; the defence touching the slave boy was conclusive to reason, whatever it might be to the opinion of the age; the answer to the charges of provincial extortion seems to have been sufficient; but we trace no reply to the accusation of tampering with the currency, or of supplying the infidels with arms. Right or wrong, however, the condemnation of the wealthy criminal was premeditated: he was condemned to death, and his property forfeited. But the King spared his life; and the capital which was abroad appears to have been retained by the factors of Jacques for their master. After a short time, he escaped from a free custody, and arrived at Rome; where the Pope

received him with much consideration, and the wrecks of his fortune still left him a wealthy man. He died, it is supposed, about the year 1456; but the place and the exact year are both uncertain."

The Fine Arts.

POWERS'S Statue, as our distant readers have probably already learned, is the Lion of the day in New York; and the fine spirits of Boston and Philadelphia, who, unable to restrain their impatience till it visits them, have come on for the express purpose of giving a couple of hours to the levees of THE GREEK SLAVE—unite in declaring that the arrival of this work of the great American sculptor proclaims a new advent in art among us. Every man, in hearing of such a production, forms of course his own idea of it from description. The current story of the effect produced by the duplicate of this statue in London, where half a mile of carriages blocked the streets, has of course, like all exaggerations, its due effect here upon such of the carriage-keeping votaries of fashion as are in town; and we doubt not that each visitor has a Greek slave of his or her own as clearly pencilled in the mind as the often questionable heraldic paintings upon the coach-panels; yet, judging from our own experience, the copy which fancy draws bears little or no resemblance to the original: at least the mode in which the sculptor's art has triumphed over the marble, must be seen before it can be conceived of.

The marvellous point then is that the statue is not marble-ous; that the flesh looks as plastic, and the skin as porous as if it could—pray do not shudder, madam—Greece is a warm climate—as if it could perspire. Now inasmuch as the marble is in reality actually much smoother than any complexion which has had the most elaborate grooming with Gouraud's cosmetics, this effect is wholly and most subtly produced by the consummate perfection of the anatomy; which insensibly suggests to the imagination the delicate tissues which could not be actually wrought in the stone. These Pygmalion touches of palpitating life must, however, be studied to be recognised, for their result is an aspect so perfectly natural, that you do not behold the statue with any surprise when you first look upon it; the Promethean art that lives so rarely in the expression of the countenance being the first thing that arrests your attention. Here you look first for the sentiment; it speaks here most transparently; and the rest of the statue forms a unity with this expression of the nobler part. And now having dismissed the impression that those wrinkles in the elbows can be distinctly taken up in your fingers—stand aloof, and look at the whole composition (as the Poets in marble and paint call their exercises). How nicely does the accommodating shawl protect those delicate limbs against the, probably rude, post that is hidden from view! That Greek cap forms a still further support, and cushions the figure in a way that can best be appreciated by those who have grieved at the cruelty of the stone pillar which makes such an awful dent in the form of one of Canova's Graces. The dainty feet, too, how modestly they are kept away from the sacrilegious pavement of the slave market, while securing the ultimate possession of the drapery to the outraged maid, from whose shoulders it has been torn. Thus looked the sweetest of Diana's nymphs when awaiting the action of her mistress in the moment ere the human scrutiny of

spell-bound Actæon became only the gaze of a stag at bay.

Even yet, however, one of the strongest points in the sentiment of the whole has escaped the spectator. That poor girl is chained, and a slave. But she is a Christian girl (as you may see by that cross worked upon her raiment, and placed there, amid homelike needlework of some of her smaller articles of apparel, which throw in the association of domesticity so unobtrusively)—she is a Christian slave in chains! but cannot any one see that the chains themselves are nothing to her amid the oppression upon her woman's spirit in the conditions of the present moment?

But study the statue again and again, and other points alike of thought and execution will grow upon your view, until you own that the sculptor's art has hardly in modern times produced aught more perfect.

Glimpses of Books.

THE FIRST STEP.—A healthy and nutritious diet for the sustentation of body and mind is the first and most essential requisite in every consideration of human affairs. Without it, all schemes of education, and even of national policy, are impotent and wholly useless. Helvetius has observed that the extremities of all organized bodies receive and convey the sensations and impressions; and, consequently, the comprehensions and pleasurable sensations will be acute or vigorous, blunt or torpid, according as the receiving points are sensitive or callous. While the feet are naked, and the head uncovered, the impressions must be most miserably unfavorable to any idea of conception or exertion; and no progression in civilization can be expected from the watery potatoe of Ireland, or the unpalatable oatmeal cake of Scotland. The emanations of the mind are dependent on bodily vigor; and that vigor, for any active purpose, must be promoted and upheld by a competency of food and clothing.—*Professor Donaldson's Practical Memorial.*

SABZEAN ODORS.—DREAMY QUIET.—It can hardly be described what a strange impression the abundance of tropical nature—the warm moist air, heavy with the fragrance of spices and cocoa-nut oil—the fairy-like glimpses of light piercing with broken but vivid rays through the bushy crowns of the palm-trees—makes on the traveller. Thickets of rich blooming yellow, blue, and red, and bell-shaped flowers embower the cleanly dwelling-houses which, built in the antique Dutch fashion, with a small veranda at one side, border the road all the way to Colombo (Ceylon). Old Dutch inscriptions are met with everywhere, on aged brick walls, half decayed by time and weather, and overgrown with the greenest moss,—as if the region had long since been forsaken by living men. Everything produces on the mind an impression of dreamy quiet.—*Dr. Hoffmeister's Letters from the East Indies.*

JESUITS IN CALIFORNIA.—To return to the hospitable Padres: they informed me, that after the Indians ceased to annoy them, they continued their agricultural pursuits for some time, yet no Indians came in; a general council was held between them, and it was resolved to entrap some of the wild Indians, bring them to the mission by force, if necessary, treat them kindly for a little while, and let them go again. To succeed in this project, it was necessary to procure thirty or forty friendly Indians, from the more southern missions, that had been longer established; these Indians were soon at the new missions, and stragglers from the various surrounding tribes brought in, fast by the feet and hands.

At first, they had an idea they were going to be killed, or tortured for former doings; but

when they saw no signs of hostility at the mission, the cords that tied their hands and feet cast off, themselves free, and an abundant meal spread out before them, they seemed more at their ease; after a few days of good living, the Padres would give them a present of a small quantity of gunpowder, to kill game with, or perhaps a small axe, kettle, or some minor article; then the gates would be opened, and the Indians would walk out, accompanied by one of the fathers, shaking them by the hand; and with looks of kindness, and signs conveying to them the impression, that they were welcome back at any time to the mission. The Indians, in marching off, generally gave the most provokingly ludicrous looks, laughing outright, as much as to say, "This is the best joke ever we knew."

This, as it were kidnapping system, was continued for some time, and with the desired effect, for when the present of the powder was out, they came in for more, lounged about the mission for a few days, and went away again; at last their friends came with them, some bringing their squaws and children, and experiencing such continued kindness, and snug quarters, they finally settled at the mission, and hundreds soon followed the example.—*Coulter's California.*

THE TEMESCAL.—When this temescal, or hot-air bath, is about to be used, a large wood fire is heaped up close to the door, and as soon as the fire has emitted nearly all its smoke, and nothing remains but a large body of burning embers, you enter it, and either sit down or stand up as you please. From the heated air and closeness inside, the most copious perspiration ensues, which being kept up as long as possible for a man to bear this, as it were, oven, is considered by the Indians, and indeed many enlightened residents in California, to be a certain cure for at least rheumatism.

It is also used as a refresher after great fatigue, by the Indians, but in these instances their plan is different from that pursued by foreigners; they will go into the Temescal, remain longer, and bear more heat than any white man could, and after coming out, fairly dripping with perspiration, will rush down to the river, swim about for a few minutes, come in, and put on their clothing again; this sudden immersion of the heated body in the cold stream, few white men could bear with impunity: but the Indians are accustomed to it from boyhood, and the application of the Temescal, in their own way, seems to have a very refreshing effect upon them.—*Coulter's California.*

AN EPOCH IN MAN'S LIFE.—A COVEY OF CROCODILES.—The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are here seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouth of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively; and the wild duck and turtle—nay, even the vulture and eagle had swept past, or soared above us in security. At length the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half-a-dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore. I clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one—the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then, slowly rising on his

fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, "He can do me no harm, but we may as well have a swim." I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute, and as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger: forth flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck: his waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone upon calm water as I reached the brink of the shore that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface: "a hundred piastres for the timseach," shouted I, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head—now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time, we saw hundreds of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any.—*Warburton's Crescent and Cross*.

A PEOPLE ON HORSEBACK.—Every man, both honest and dishonest, in California, has his own horse, as a very good-looking, active one can be purchased, tamed to carry the saddle and rider, from the Indians, for four or five dollars; so that every one, I may add, of both sexes, rides in California. No one walks far but the hunter, and he is carried in a canoe a long way up the river before he strikes into the forest after the animals he is in pursuit of. This last class of men are the most wild, daring, yet friendly and honest, of the lower class of the white population of California.—*Dr. Coulter's Adventures*.

"HER EYE'S DARK CHARM 'TWERE VAIN TO TELL."—The Lady of the Harem—couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet strewn with soft pillowy cushions—is as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are, nevertheless, perfect in their kind and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full—brimfull of life; dark, yet very lustrous; liquid, yet as clear as stars; they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond, and the bright timidity of the gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the gold-fringed turban, the most becoming head-dress in the world: the long, black silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang wavy on each side of the face—falling behind in a glossy cataract, that sparkles with such golden drops as might have glittered upon Danaë after the Olympian shower. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crape is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately-slipped little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers.—*Warburton's Crescent and Cross*.

Arts and Sciences.

NEW FORM OF GIRDER.—We see, in the last list of registered designs, a notice of a new form of girder for bridges, viaducts, &c., which has just been introduced by our fellow townsman, Mr. Dredge. Upon making further inquiries, we find it possesses many advantages over the form now in use. The principle of construction is the same as his suspension bridge, viz. that of making the abutments the base, and tapering from them to the extremity at the centre of the bridge. The bridge, in fact, constructed on this plan, may be considered as two triangular brackets, the base of each triangle resting on the abutments, and their apices meeting at the centre. In this form of girder a great deal of material is discharged from the centre, from the effect of which, combined with leverage of the beam, the structure is entirely relieved; thus producing

considerable saving in material and increase of strength with erection. Tension bars of wrought iron are also applied, which still further tend to increase the stability of the structure.—*Bath Journal*.

HOW TO OBLIATE THE DANGERS OF THUNDERSTORMS.—Since the means of providing against and obviating the dangerous consequences of thunderstorms are now so well known, and can be brought into operation at such a comparatively moderate expense, it is somewhat extraordinary that the employment of lightning-conductors has not before this been used more as a public than a private means of protection. By erecting at certain distances apart from each other rods of metal, or wooden masts covered with metallic sheets; by connecting together these various masts or rods with metallic wires of considerable size,—and by establishing a connexion between this metallic apparatus and the nearest water, the nearest range of gas or water piping,—means of no difficult execution, and involving but an inconsiderable amount of expense,—the calamitous occurrences which we frequently hear of from lightning might be entirely prevented in future.—*Pharmaceutical Times*.

Miscellany.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good morrow to the day so fair;
Good morrow, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morrow to this primrose too:
Good morrow to each maid,
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shade him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green-turf rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray take heed—
With bands of cowslip bind him;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed—
That I shall never find him!

HERRICK.

A CENTENNIAL LITERARY ANNIVERSARY.—On the twenty-fourth inst. an interesting literary festival took place at Newport, R. I. The day was the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Redwood Library. The classic beauty of the little edifice thus named has often excited attention on account of its marked superiority of design to the ordinary architecture of similar date in the country. It was built through the liberality of John Redwood, an affluent merchant of the town, who also contributed five hundred pounds towards the purchase of books. The exercises, on this occasion, consisted of an address by the Hon. William Hunter, formerly minister to South America, and a poem by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, the Unitarian clergyman of Newport—well-known as an able translator of German poetry. Mr. Hunter's remarks occupied more than three hours in the delivery. He sketched minutely the history of the Redwood library in connexion with that of Rhode Island. Many of the facts adduced were novel and interesting. The speaker is evidently a man of strong and patriotic feeling and local attachment. He eloquently claimed for the settlers of his native State a more disinterested love of freedom than belonged to the other New England colonists. Although Rhode Island, he said, was a spangle rather than a star in the national banner, yet she had "purified Puritans." The colonial relations of the State, its Indian history, revolutionary services, and peculiar traits were detailed at length. It appears that the auspicious visit of Bishop Berkeley to Newport, gave an impulse to mental culture which suggested the idea of a library by creating intel-

lectual wants, which were felt keenly after the philosopher's return to England. Dr. Styles, the celebrated orientalist and divine, made Newport a residence in order to avail himself of the Library, which became his favorite study, as it was subsequently that of Channing. The exercises were to have been held in the building itself—but as too many assembled for its narrow limits, a procession was formed, which proceeded to the Mile-street Church. We observed several distinguished gentlemen present, and the attention they bestowed, manifested an interest in the occasion very gratifying to witness. The poem was most cordially received, and delivered with a suitable emphasis, so as to be instantly appreciated. We understand both the address and poem will be soon published; and meantime give our readers two specimens of the latter:—The first is the spirited introduction, and the second refers to that mysterious tower which has so long excited the curiosity of visitors.

Hail, fair Aquidneck! though thine ancient name
Sound strange, Rhode Island, in the mouth of Fame,
It hath a music sweet to fancy's ear,
To nature once, and nature's children dear.
Time was when many a Narraganset heard
Melodious echoes in that homely word;
The swell and cadence of the lonely sea
Along whose marge he wandered, proud and free;
The song the air sung, where his arrow flew,
The music waves made with his light canoe;
The sweet, though saddening sound, of wind and wave,
That, haunting sandy beach and pebbly cove,
As evening fell, with low and tender sound,
Like the Great Spirit's voice went murmuring round.
And when on Philip's fields, some warrior fell,
Or, 'mid the Pequods' wild, exultant yell,
Thy name and image, loved Aquidneck! rose
Between his dying senses and his foes,
And fever-dreams the wounded exile bore
Home to his wigwam-fire—his native shore!

Speak! thou stone mystery, that o'erthrust the hill,—
Font, baptistery, monument, or mill—
Which, or what art thou? Say! and is there, then,
No faith-ful Mather's fact-compelling pen
To let men know both whence and what thou art,
And set at rest the antiquarian's heart?
How long hath Time held on his mighty march
Since first arose the time-defying arch?
Did thus the astonished Indian gaze on thee,
A mystery staring at a mystery?
A son of Canaan, shall we rather say,
Viewing the work of brethren passed away?
Was it Phœnician, Norman, Saxon toil
That sank thy arch-based pillars in the soil?
How looked the bay, the forest, and the hill,
When first the sun beheld thy walls,—old Mill!
Alas! the Antiquarian's dream is o'er,
Thou art an old stone windmill—nothing more!

MEHEMET ALI'S LAST VAGARY.—(Alexandria, June 29.—) Mehemet Ali a short time since proposed sending a number of young natives to France, to be educated there at his expense, and he desired that 40 youths should be selected on whom the advantage was to be conferred. Judge, then, of his indignation, when he learned that in several instances substitutes for the parties selected, had been provided from the very dregs of society, parents being unwilling to let their children go to the land of infidels. The parties attempting to play this impudent trick were immediately summed to the Pasha's presence, who thus expressed himself:—"Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you sons of dogs, to seek to thwart my good intentions instead of being thankful for my fatherly care? Here have I been laboring for the third of a century, and more, for the good of Egypt, and instead of aiding me, you prove yourselves worse than brutes; but, since brutes you are, and that I cannot change your nature, you shall work like beasts of burden. There is plenty of occupation for you in this way, and therefore I order all classes to go and labor at the public works now carrying on; and may this bring you to your senses." The turn-out has been general, and the whole native population of Alexandria, divided into classes, has been set to work at the fortifications, the higher ranks being under the immediate eye of the Pasha, who, to set the example, is said to have carried the first load himself. It is added in a note that the viceroy has relented, and no longer enforces this compulsory toil.—*Correspondent of the London Times*.

VANDALISM AT BAALBECK.—From a private letter just received from a traveller, we receive the unwelcome intelligence that the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck has been destroyed by order of the Viceroy, for the sake of its fine stones, which are to be employed in erecting barracks for the cavalry and a forage magazine. Solymian Pasha so far saved the splendid gateway, as to cause the stones to be replaced in their original form in the construction of the entrance to the barracks.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE MOST CONVENIENT BOOK INDEX.—A correspondent of the Phila. North American makes the following useful suggestion:—

Instead of at once placing the various items of which it is composed under the heads of A B C, &c., which involves a great deal of leaf turning, search for places, &c., write them all down in regular succession as they occur, thus,

France, Revolution	p. 47
Revolution, French	47
England, Mackintosh's History of	48
Mackintosh's England	48
History, England	48
America, discovery of	49
Discovery of America	49

and so on, until the work is accomplished. That done, cut the whole into separate slips, assort them into letters, and re-assort the letters so that *aba* shall precede *abd*, and *abab* precede *abam*, all of which is done with as much facility as arranging a pack of cards. Then lay the slips composing A with their backs upward, on your table, in the order in which they are to stand, take a leaf of paper and cover it with paste, and lay it on the slips, which become at once attached. Proceed in this way from letter to letter, and your index will be completed almost without exertion, a work that would require six hours in the ordinary way accomplished in one. The same rule applies to catalogue making.

"So the stretched eagle quivering on the plain,
No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart."
ENGLISH BARDS.

"The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high."
WALLER'S POEMS.

"The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thought;
Is its own origin of ill, and end,
And its own place and time."—MANFRED.

SOLDIERS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.—*Berlin, June 29.* The king arrived at Potsdam this day on his return from Silesia. The object of his excursion was to attend the inauguration of the statue of Frederick the Great, at Breslau. It is all very well for our pious monarch thus to pay reverence to his not very pious ancestor, but, if *Fritz der Einzige* could speak to his successor, he would tell him that the monument of which he is most ambitious is a line of monarchs on his throne each as effectively the man of the time as he was himself. The ceremony of unveiling the statue passed off well; the most impressive feature about it was a group of veterans from the times of the great king at the foot of his statue. One of them, as appears from his certificate of baptism, is 109 years old, having been born on the 5th of February, 1738. It was a touching sight to see this old man, in an uniform of the seven years' war, offering his military salute.—*Daily News.*

THE LEAF INSECT.—"One of the most curious members of the animal world in Assam is the leaf insect, so called from its very close resemblance in form, color, and general structure (even to the fibre), to the leaf of the tree which it inhabits. In fact until the insect moves, it is difficult to distinguish it from the leaf itself. Many attempts at transmitting a perfect specimen to Europe have been frustrated by the perishable character of the

insect. Spirits are entirely inefficacious as preservatives, and camphor destroys the color of the animal."

THE COST AND USE OF THE PARIS FORTIFICATIONS.—There has lately been presented to the Chamber of Deputies a report on the fortifications of Paris, from which it appears that up to the end of last year they had cost not less than 140,000,000 francs (5,600,000*l.* sterling)! and yet they are far from being completely finished.

"She has in her—
All the contempt of glory, and vain seeming
Of all the stoics: All the truth of Christians,
And all their constancy. Modesty was made
When she was first intended: When she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon:
The purest temple of her sect that ever
Made Nature a bless'd founder."
—BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—The ordinary exercises of Commencement at this institution were celebrated on the 25th ult. The following honorary degrees were conferred:—

Messrs. Evangelinus A. Sophocles and Henry Warren Torrey, tutors in the University; Eben. Norton Horsford, Rumford Professor; and Rev. Frederic T. Gray, were made *Masters of Arts*. Rev. Samuel Barrett, of Boston; Rev. Emerson Davis, of Westfield; Rev. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia; and Rev. Theodore Woolley, President of Yale College, were made *Doctors of Divinity*.

Edward Tyrrell Channing, Esq., Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory; Hon. William Kent, Dane Professor of Law; Hon. Peleg Sprague, Judge of the U. S. District Court; Hon. John Taylor Lomax, of Virginia; Hon. John Banister Gibson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; Henry Holland, Esq., M.D., London; and Judge Timothy Farrar, of Hollis, N. H., formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, aged 100 years, the oldest graduate, were made *Doctors of Law*.

NECROLOGY FOR AUGUST.

SILAS WRIGHT, Jr., one of the most illustrious of contemporary statesmen, died suddenly at his residence in Canton, St. Lawrence County, on the morning of the 27th ult. He was born on the 24th of May, 1795, in Amherst, Massachusetts, where his father followed the occupation of a tanner, currier, and shoemaker. In the following spring the family moved to Weybridge, Addison county, Vermont, where the surviving members still reside, and are chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits. In August, 1811, Mr. Wright became a student in the College of Middlebury, about four miles from the house of his father, at which he continued to live during his student life. In October, 1815, he commenced the study of law, with Mr. Martindale, of Sandy Hill, in New York; in April, 1817, he entered the office of Mr. Skinner, the Attorney of the United States for the district; and in January, 1819, he was admitted as an Attorney of the Supreme Court of New York. In the following summer he travelled through the Northern part of the State, for the improvement of his health, which had been impaired by close application to books, and in October removed to Canton, where he commenced the practice of his profession. He rapidly rose in the public estimation, was appointed to the principal offices of the village, and in the autumn of 1823, was elected a member of the State Senate, in which he took his seat in the following January. In 1827, when he had served but two years, or half the term for which he was chosen in the senate, he was returned for the National House of Representatives; and in February, 1829, while he was employed in his duties in Congress, he received the appointment of Comptroller of the treasury of New York from the State Legislature. This office is held for three years, and Mr. Wright was re-elected to it in 1832; but Mr. Marcy having in that year been recalled from

the United States Senate to become Governor, he was chosen to succeed him; and upon the expiration of Mr. Marcy's term, in 1837, he was again elected, for six years from the 3d of March in that year. In November, 1844, Mr. Wright was elected Governor of New York, and at the close of his administration, in January, 1847, he retired to his farm, in Canton, to enjoy for the first time in many years the quiet of a private station. His death was caused by apoplexy, and when it occurred he was fifty-two years and three months of age.

The New York Evening Post, edited by a personal and political friend, remarks as follows of the closing period of his life and of his character:

"Since leaving Albany Mr. Wright has been quietly occupied upon his farm. The labor and attention required have been more than usually pressing during the present season—so much so that he has made them the occasion of remark in his letters to his correspondents. Other than this we have not heard of any unusual circumstance relating to him.

"The temper of Mr. Wright's feelings during this period, so far as they relate to public concerns, has been such as to confer upon him the highest honor, to excite the warmest admiration of his friends, and to show to the world that there is an elevation of character attainable by all mankind, which is beyond the reach of the allurements of ambition or the impulse of selfishness. So far as relates to himself alone, the retirement from public life, the entire withdrawal from the political arena, afforded him a sincere pleasure and a deep satisfaction. The result of the last election in which he was a candidate, although unfortunate to his party, raised not in his bosom, so far as it affected himself personally, a regret or painful emotion, and he hailed it as a seasonable discharge from that service to which he had always endeavored to be faithful.

"To this disinterestedness as a politician great intellectual gifts were united. Mr. Wright saw the practical bearing of measures with a quickness and clearness of sagacity such as few men possess, and what he saw so well he was able to set forth with an extraordinary force and persuasiveness. He never appealed to men's prejudices to obtain a decision in his favor, nor called to his aid in discussion the malignant or petty passions of mankind. In his hands political controversy took that noble character which we should be always glad to see it bear; it became an address to the reason and the sense of right as the sole umpires. It was owing, probably, to this cause, more than even to his great talents, that he enjoyed in a degree which few men have ever done, the unanimous respect of all parties.

"Men so little ambitious as Mr. Wright are very apt to engage unwillingly in public labors. The absence of political ambition is apt to beget indolence, if not indifference in political affairs. It was fortunate for the country that this was not the temper of Mr. Wright. He accepted the stations to which the people called him, and for which he was better fitted than other men, and discharged their duties with the same zealous industry as if his ruling passion had been the love of fame and the desire of public honors. We deplore the loss of such a man at such a time—in

"This lubrique and adulterous age," when so few can be found in public life who refer their conduct to the same high standard. We lament that services so valuable have ceased—that an example so instructive is withdrawn, and we feel that the political world is worse than it was yesterday, by the deduction of so much virtue as has departed with the removal of one of its brightest ornaments."

PETER GERARD STUYVESANT, of the third generation from the illustrious Dutch governor, Petrus Stuyvesant, who reached New Amsterdam, from Holland, just two hundred years ago this summer, died suddenly at Niagara Falls, on

the 16th ult., in the seventieth year of his age. The late Mr. Stuyvesant was twice married, first to Susan, daughter of Colonel Thomas Barclay, and afterward to Helen Sarah, daughter of the Hon. John Rutherford, of New Jersey. The living descendants of Governor Stuyvesant are the sister of the late head of the family, Mrs. Judith, wife of Benjamin Winthrop, of this city; the children of his sister Cornelia, wife of Dirck Ten Broeck, of Albany, who died in 1825; the children of his sister Cornelia, now the widow of Colonel Nicholas Fish; and the children of his brother, Nicholas William, who died in 1833. The late Mr. Stuyvesant was a man of large fortune, being probably the richest citizen of the United States, except Mr. John Jacob Astor. He was a man of honorable character, and evinced in the management of his great income an eminently wise liberality. The city has never been more indebted to a single inhabitant.

GEORGE RAPP, the founder and head of the "Harmony Society," in Butler County, Pennsylvania, died on the estate of the fraternity, on the 5th of August. He was born in Germany in 1755, came to America in 1804, and soon after organized the community, for the union of labor and property, over which he presided nearly half a century. After living in Butler County about ten years, in tranquil prosperity, Mr. Rapp led his disciples to the Valley of the Wabash, in search of a more productive soil, and for a more profitable investment of their capital; but in 1824 they returned to their earlier home, where they have since remained, examples of industry and morality, and accomplishing all that was expected of their association. The Society of Rappists has been the most successful community ever in existence in the United States; but much of its prosperity has probably been a consequence of the peculiar abilities and character of its remarkable founder.

JOHN MATTOCKS, for many years member of Congress, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Vermont, and Governor of the State, died at his residence in Peacham, on the 14th ultimo, at the advanced age of 71. He was much respected both for his integrity and his abilities. He is described in one of the gazettes as a "consistent member of the Christian Church, the Temperance Society, and the Whig party."

NICHOLAS BAYLIES, formerly of Montpelier, Vermont, died at Lyndon, in that State, August, 17th, in the 82d year of his age. In middle life he was well known as a writer on law and ethics, but in later years his attention has been principally devoted to the practice of the legal profession, in which he attained to great eminence. He was three years a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and was several times a member of its legislative councils, and council of censors.

ANDREW COMBE, M. D., a younger brother of Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist, died in the vicinity of Edinburgh, after a protracted illness, on the 7th of August. He was born on the 27th of October, 1797, and educated at the University of his native city. In 1835 he was appointed Physician to the King of Belgium, but in the following year he was compelled by ill health to resign the situation. Though eminent as a consulting physician, Dr. Combe was known in America principally by his writings, among which the most important are "The Principles of Physiology, applied to the Conservation of Health," published in 1834; "The Physiology of Digestion, considered with Relation to the Principles of Dietetics," in 1836; a "Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Children," in 1840; and "Observations on Mental Derangement," in 1841.

Dr. Combe's brother Abraham, who died in 1827, was a distinguished Socialist, and a friend of Mr. Owen. George Combe, the eldest and only surviving member of the family, was in early

life a successful advocate. He married a daughter of Mrs. Siddons. His works on Phrenology have been of more importance than those of any other author, except Spurzheim. His "Travels in the United States," published in 1841, make one of the most candid, intelligent, and agreeable books that have appeared respecting this country.

Recent Publications.

Mexico and her Military Chieftains. By Fay Robinson. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

THIS is a well printed 12mo., illustrated by twelve portraits and engravings giving biographical sketches of the military leaders of Mexico, from the revolution of Hidalgo to the present time. "I once knew a person," most aptly says the author in his preface, "who had passed the greater part of his life in the neighborhood of Niagara, without having seen it, and was ultimately induced to visit the great cataract, because a foot-race took place in its immediate vicinity. Similar in many respects seems the neglect by the people of the United States of the history of our neighbors, who have presented to the world as many pure self-sacrificing men as any other nation, at the same time that they may have perhaps exhibited in a short period more despicable characters than have disgraced the annals of any other people." If the existing competition of arms in Mexico does not induce the American reader to carry out the figure, by looking at the Niagara of books and maps upon Mexico, which are now likely to flood the reading world—we at least ought to be ashamed to continue ignorant of her history as most Europeans are of our annals. Having already in our last number given a rapid summary of Mexican history from a previously published work, we will not again dwell upon the subject, but the following account of the population of the capital is interesting at the present moment, as showing how rich it is in "food for pauperdom," or materials for "American citizenship," whichever the reader pleases.

"The first singularity which attracts attention in Mexico, however, is the character of the people in the street; priests and friars in their strange garbs, *canonigos* in their immense hats, military men in brilliant uniforms, and Indians and lepers in the costume chance offers them. Naples with its lazzaroni, Calcutta with its hordes of pariahs, St. Giles in London with all its abominations, are decent in comparison with the place of assemblage of these wretches—the lame, halt, and the cripple, the maimed soldier and disabled robber, the victim of leprosy. Words cannot express the horror of the scenes to be met with in the streets, and which strike with equal disgust the soldier who has served on the battle-fields of Europe, and the scientific naturalist, who wonders how a land so blessed by nature can be suffered by God to be so deformed with crime. Madame Calderon records having met with beggars everywhere—in her private house, in the Alameda, in the very temple. Everywhere, and amid wealth beside which that of the Cailiffs becomes insignificant, is heard the cry, *Caridad por el nombre de Jesus; una media por los santos.*"

This appears certainly but a sorry account of our new Mexican poll-list; but who will say that that cheapest of all boxes, the ballot-box, which we offer so bountifully to the alms-houses of England, may not act like a talisman among these *leperos*!

The following is our author's account of the Mexican church establishment:

"The church is an important element of the Mexican social system, and many go so far as to say that it is the Government. When Cortes conquered Mexico, he was under the influence of the spirit of loyalty and military obedience not more than of the fervor of the crusader. He devoutly believed that he was conquering a kingdom for his earthly master, beside which

the crowns of Castile and Aragon become insignificant, and for his God the souls of generations, otherwise doomed, according to the harsh theology of the age, to interminable perdition. Everywhere we see the traces of this spirit, from the day when he threw down the idols from their pedestals, to the great conflagration of Mexican and Tezucan manuscripts by the Spanish Arab, Juan de Zummoraga, first archbishop of Mexico, in the great market-place. The consequence was, that vast sums were appropriated to the priesthood, and more than an ecclesiastical tithe of the fruits of the conquest was appropriated to the honor of religion. The course of the early missionaries was strange: we read of baptisms which recall to us the conversions of apostolic days; of thousands made, in the words of old chroniclers, 'children of Christ from priests of the devil.' The vast wealth of the Aztec priests was appropriated to their successors, and the endowments of the richest days of the old church, 'when pontiffs placed their sandalled feet on the necks of mailed kings,' were exceeded by its youngest conquest.

"The riches thus acquired by the church have perpetually been increased by endowments and bequests. Scarcely a will is made in Mexico, that does not contain a clause in favor of some shrine or ecclesiastical corporation; and the plate in its convents, like that of the mess of a European regiment, is of so many patterns and such various forms, that it would seem to have been gathered from the sacking of a hundred cities.

"There is a selfishness about the Mexican church which is strange indeed, and finds a parallel nowhere else. In England, when Richard I. was taken prisoner by the archduke of Austria, the abbots and convents brought their plate to ransom their monarch; in the wars of the League, the mitred princes and bishops contributed to support their army, and during the invasion of the Peninsula by the orders of Napoleon, the ecclesiastics were foremost in their contributions. This, however, has never been the case in Mexico. In all the wars which have occurred, the church has not contributed one *media*, and now, while the stranger is a master in her cities, and an enemy's foot presses the sentinel's walk on her ramparts, the church and its dignitaries yet refuse to pay one farthing to defend their altars and their flocks. No president except Gomez Farias has ever dared to advocate the confiscation of one cent of the ecclesiastical property, and on three occasions that he has sought to effect such a reform, he has been driven from power. Mr. Thompson says that a small sum has been realized by the sale of the property of the Jesuits, but it must be remembered the church itself first cast them from its bosom. The general impression, and those who have had an opportunity of judging say it by no means exaggerates the fact, is that one-third of the real property of Mexico is in the hands of the church, not counting a vast amount of money invested in mortgages on the remainder.

"No college of theologians in the world would call the Mexican church orthodox. The ceremonies are certainly those of the Roman Catholic Church, but even in the minds of the priesthood are engrafted such a host of Aztec superstitions, that it may even now be doubted if the mass of the people merit the name of Christian more than do the Abyssinians, or the few worshippers found by the Portuguese in the fourteenth century in the neighborhood of Goa, in India. Worshipping at the shrines of the saints, a vast portion of the Indian population believe implicitly that some day Montezuma will return to rule his people and restore the glory of his realm. Even now, on the pyramid of Cholula is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, attended by a lowly and sincere Indian monk, who, as he points out to the traveller the traces of the ruins around him, gives satisfactory evidence that he is not without faith in the gods of the ancient Teocalli, which his altar has replaced.

"From all America it is believed that the Catholic Church has admitted into her calendar but three saints. St. Tammany, from Canada; St. Rosa, from Lima, in Peru; and one other from Mexico, the name of whom escapes us, and scarcely one of the many miracles said to have occurred, have stood the test to which the authorities of Rome have subjected them. This circumstance does not, however, prevent the every-day occurrence of a new beatification and the admission into the faith of Mexico of countless new candidates for veneration, from many of whom the church derives a great portion of its wealth."

Mr. Robinson makes most favorable mention of Almonte, and we only wish he had told us more about him; for we never heard that accomplished chief spoken of otherwise than with enthusiastic esteem, by those who had the best opportunities of knowing him. He was educated, if we mistake not, in this country, at New Orleans, and to personal beauty resembling the ideal likenesses of Napoleon, he unites the sensibilities of a gentleman, and the refinements of a man of cultivated tastes. The style of the book is alike independent and agreeable, and its illustrative anecdotes are often introduced with much originality.

Endless Amusement, with illustrations From the seventh London edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

"ENDLESS amusement!" think of that, boys! an infinity of skating, immeasurable swimming, interminable "every man to his own den," incalculable doughnuts and green apples! Don't they all rise up in fancy, embodied in a single Saturday afternoon that should have no end? Endless amusement, laddie, has nothing to do with this; your skating feet would be frost-bitten, your swimming shoulders blistered, your doughnuts and apples bring a doctor: no, the amusement which is endless must be with your head, and not your hands and heels and under-jerkin. What think you of the wonders of the air-pump? of the art of making fireworks? of magic lanterns, camera obscuras, and all the miracles in acoustics, arithmetic, chemistry, electricity, hydraulics, hydrostatics, magnetism, mechanics, and optics? What think you of raising spectres and making squibs out of the same book, and cork heavier than lead, and stones that will swim, and many other things that you go to Signor Blitz's and the Museum to see, just as if you could not do them all yourselves in one continuous circle of endless amusement?

Bloss's Ancient History, published by Alling Seymour & Co., is the work of a self-taught woman, and an experienced teacher of the branches of learning on which she treats in this volume. The high commendation which it has received elsewhere from persons eminently qualified to judge of its merits, and who cannot be supposed to be influenced by personal friendship, will not be strengthened by anything we can say in so brief a notice as we are forced to give to it. We reserve the expression of our views for a future number of the paper, until a more careful examination.

The Pictorial Reader. By Renssler Bentley. Geo. F. Coolidge & Brother.

This volume is issued in continuation of the series of which the Pictorial Primer Spelling-book and Introduction have been already published. It is illustrated with wood cuts, represents scenes in farming, mechanical labor, natural history, manufactures, &c., which face the different sections of letter-press matter referring to these subjects. The idea is a good one, and appears to be executed with much fidelity.

The Land Owner's Manual. By Benjamin F. Hall, counsellor at law. Auburn, N. Y.: J. C. Derby & Co.

The land-owner is a man of not much account in these days of anti-rentism. A becoming sympathy with the suffering, however, makes us glad to see him still worthy the tribute of a book published for his especial benefit. It will be awkward, indeed, when real estate

becomes like book estate, anybody's property, that is the readiest to seize, and the strongest to hold it. To avoid such a dreaded consummation, Counsellor Hall's summary of statute regulations may assist in the most wholesome manner. It gives much valuable information concerning land titles, deeds, mortgages, wills of real estate, descents, land taxes, tax sales, redemptions, limitations, exemptions, &c., with an appendix containing the constitutions of the State of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin; and is a manual calculated to be of especial use to non-resident land owners and tax payers, as well as to the author's brother members of the bar.

Publishers' Circular.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON, Philadelphia, have the following works in press that they will issue this Fall:

"The Mirror of Life." An original work with eleven illustrations from designs by American artists, made for the book. Edited by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. "Scenes in the Lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets." With eight illustrations. Edited by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld; in various bindings. The third edition of the "Scenes in the Life of the Saviour." Edited by Rufus W. Griswold, with eight illustrations. A second edition of the "Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles." Edited by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, with eight illustrations. "A History of Architecture, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time." With numerous illustrations, forming a handsome 8vo. volume. "The Pictorial Life of General Lafayette." In various bindings, with colored plates. "The Pictorial Life of General Marion." In various bindings, and with colored plates. "The American Medical Almanac," for 1848. "The Medical Practitioner's and Student's Library." Several volumes now preparing. A third edition, much enlarged and improved, with sixty additional illustrations, of "Harris's Principles and Practices of Dental Surgery." "A Biographical School Library, embracing the Lives of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Marion, Wm. Penn. Taylor, Jackson, and Napoleon." Neat 12mo. volumes bound in sheep. "A New Illustrated Periodical, for Girls and Boys." To be published monthly, and edited by Miss Cornelia L. Tuthill, the first number to be issued early in October.

Messrs. BAKER AND SCRIBNER announce the following:

"Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger." By Mrs. A. Nicholson. 1 vol. 12mo. "Judah's Lion." By Charlotte Elizabeth. Illustrated. "Judea Capta." By Charlotte Elizabeth. Illustrated. "Riches have Wings." By T. S. Arthur, author of "Keeping up Appearances." 1 vol. 18mo., being No. 2 of "Tales for the Rich and Poor," to be followed by "Taking Boarders," "The Poor Man," "The Rich Man," "Debtor and Creditor," and "The Widow's Children," by the same author.

B. B. MUSSEY & Co., Boston, have in press: "The Complete Poetical Works of J. G. Whittier." In one volume 8vo., which will be published about the first of November. "The Tyrolen Lyre, a Glee Book." Composed, selected, and arranged, by Edward L. White and John E. Gould. "Modern Harp," 8th Edition. "Our Day." A Gift for the times, by J. G. Adams and E. H. Chapin. "The Floral Year." By Mrs. Dinnies. This Poem will be illustrated by twelve Bouquets of Flowers, one for each month in the year. "The Opera Chorus Book," composed and arranged by E. L. White and J. G. Gould.

Messrs. J. C. DERBY & Co., Auburn, have just published the following:

"The New Clerk's Assistant, or book of 1000 practical forms." Containing numerous precedents and forms, for ordinary business transactions, with reference to the various statutes and

latest judicial decisions, and an appendix containing the New Constitution of New York. By J. S. Jenkins; 2d edition, revised, large 12mo. The same, without the Constitution, for other States. "Benedict's Treatise," of the jurisdiction, powers, and duties of Justices of the Peace, in the State of New York, with an appendix, containing the New Constitution and Judiciary Act of said State. 2d edition revised and enlarged, 500 pages octavo. "The Fruit Culturist." Containing directions for raising young trees, and for the management of the orchard and fruit garden. By J. J. Thomas, new edition, revised, muslin. "The Poetry of Love." Edited by R. W. Griswold. "The Album of Love." By a Lady. "Flora's Album," a token of Flowers.

They have also in press.

"The Trial of William Freeman," for the murder of John G. Van Nest, Sarah Van Nest, Geo. Van Nest, and Phebe Wycoff, who was defended on a plea of insanity, by Hon. William H. Seward, including the testimony, arguments of the counsel, decisions of the courts, &c. &c. Reported by B. F. Hall, Esq., Counsellor at law, octavo. "The Life of Gen. William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States." Containing a full account of his services in the cabinet and field. Illustrated, 12mo. "The Life of Maj. General Zachary Taylor." By H. Montgomery, with a portrait and 5 engravings of the battles of Okochobee, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, large 12mo., muslin, 2d stereotype edition, enlarged.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM AUG. 25 TO SEPTEMBER 4.

AMERICAN PIONEER. A Monthly Periodical devoted to the objects of the Logan Historical Society, or to collecting and publishing Sketches relative to the Early Settlement and successive improvement of the country. Vols. 1 and 2 in 8vo., pp. 444, 480 (Cincinnati: J. S. Williams).

BURY.—The Insured. A Story of Woman's Heart. By Lady Charlotte Bury. 8vo. pp. 110 (Petersen), 25 cents.

BUSINESS MAN'S ASSISTANT. 1 neat vol (Saxton & Hunter), 25 cents.

CHALMERS'S MISCELLANY, No. 2 (Carter), 25 cents.

CHAPMAN'S DRAWING COPY BOOK, No. 2 (Redfield), 12½ cents.

DE BOW'S COMMERCIAL REVIEW. For September. Pp. 144. (Longs, Agents), 50 cents.

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